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THE GENTLEST ART

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
ENGLISH LETTERS
(ABRIDGED)

BY

E. V. LUCAS



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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE aim of this series is to reproduce some of the best contemporary and recent literature in a form and at a price suitable for educational purposes.

The present volume contains a selection, made with a minimum of rearrangement, from two books by Mr. E. V. Lucas, *The Gentlest Art* (13th edition) and *The Second Post* (6th edition), both published by Methuen & Co., Ltd. Neither of these works is confined to recent letters, and if an excuse be needed for their inclusion thus abridged in a series of 'modern classics', it must be found in the fact that, as examples of the anthologist's art, both are masterpieces and both are of recent date.

In a book so rich in literary and historical allusion it would have been difficult to keep annotation within reasonable bounds; and except for the addition of a very few footnotes the Editor has confined himself to supplying younger readers with an index where some useful dates, facts, and titles are collected.

E. V. R.

Sept. 1927

THE GENTLEST ART

I

YOUTH AND AGE

The Rev. Sydney Smith sends a message to a little visitor

FOSTON, 1823

DEAR LITTLE GEE,—Many thanks for your kind and affectionate letter. I cannot recollect what you mean by our kindness; all that I remember is, that you came to see us, and we all thought you very pleasant, good-hearted, and strongly infected with Lancastrian tones and pronunciations. God bless you, dear child! I shall always be very fond of you till you grow tall, and speak without an accent, and marry some extremely disagreeable person.—Ever very affectionately yours, SYDNEY SMITH

Walter Savage Landor and his son exchange missives

I

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I hope you are well. We have all had bad colds. But thank God we are now quite well again. Walter, Charles, and Julia send you a thousand kisses. And I send you ten thousand, and I wish you to come back again with all my heart. And believe me, my dearest papa, your affectionate son,

A. S. LANDOR

II

MY DEAREST ARNOLD,—I received your letter to-day much too late to answer it by the post; but you will see that I was thinking of you and of Julia yesterday by the verses I send you on the other side. I am very much pleased to observe that you write better than I do;

and, if you continue to read the Greek nouns, you will very soon know more Greek [than I], unless I begin again to study it every day. When I was a little boy I did not let any one get before me ; and you seem as if you would do the same. I promised you a Greek book, but I will give you two if you go on well, and next year two others, very beautiful and entertaining. I shall never be quite happy until I see you again and put my cheek upon your head. Tell my sweet Julia that, if I see twenty little girls, I will not romp with any of them before I romp with her ; and kiss your two dear brothers for me. You must always love them as much as I love you, and you must teach them how to be good boys, which I cannot do so well as you can. God preserve and bless you, my own Arnold. (My heart beats as if it would fly to you,) my own fierce creature. We shall very soon meet.

Love your

BABBO

The Rev. Sydney Smith offers counsel to Lucy ∞ ∞

LONDON, *July 22, 1835*

LUCY, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear "your frock : tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius ; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts ; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest ; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle ? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors ?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic ; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you ; therefore I now give you my parting advice. Don't maffry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year ; and God bless you, dear child !

SYDNEY SMITH

Shirley Brooks congratulates W. P. Frith, R.A., on arriving at the status of a grandfather, and adds counsel

"PUNCH" OFFICE, November 21, 1865.

FRITH, EVEN GRANDFATHER FRITH,—With my whole soul do I congratulate thee and the Grandmama, and the venerable Aunt Sissy, and all the small uncles and infinitesimal aunts, or emmets. But chiefly I congratulate thee, O reverent and reverend, for the opportunity now afforded thee for the mending of thy ways. Henceforth we look for no frivolity from thee, no unseemly gibes and jests to which thou alone addest, "That's good," and echo is silent. Henceforth thou must study to live at peace with all men, as becomes white hairs, and let us hear no more when ——— announceth his "last exhibition," that thou didst hope it would begin at three minutes to eight a.m.; and be at Newgate. Truly this is a great chance for thee, O man of palettes, and aerial prospectives, and conscientious work, such as the *Athenæum* loves to indicate with the gesture called "taking a sight."

Learn psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, to be chanted unto thy Grandchild; and endeavour to obtain some knowledge of geography, etymology, tintacks, and prosody, that thou mayest not be put utterly to shame when the child shall demand information of thee.

Leave off smoking, yet keep a box for thy younger friends who are not Grandfathers.

Scoff not at architects, for where wouldst thou be but for houses? Nay, art not thou the founder of a house?

Speak no soft words unto the maidens, saying, "Lo, I adore thee," when thou dost nothing of the kind. Abjure the society of low Bohemians like ——— and ———, but cultivate the honest and virtuous, like Brooks, and, in so far as thou mayest, imitate him. Do not eat too much ham at breakfast, for temperance becometh the aged. Read few novels, but let those thou readest be of the best, as, *Broken to Harness*, *The Silver Cord*, *An Artist's Proof*, and *Blount Tempest*. Likewise, begin to dress less jaurtily, and wear a high waistcoat like the Right Reverend Bellew, and the Right Reverend Brooks's.

When thou goest to the Academy dinner, avoid, so far

THE GENTLEST ART

as thou canst, the taking too much wine, for what thing is less dignified than a swipecy Grandfather?

Cherish these counsels in the apple of thine eye, and in the pineapple of thy rum; and be thankful that at a time of life when other young men may not ungracefully indulge in youthful levity, thou art called to a higher and a graver sphere.

So I greet thee, Grandfather, and hope that thou wilt have many grandsons and granddaughters, and wilt ask me to the christening of them all.

v

S. B.

Thomas Hayley (aged twelve) points out defects in William Cowper's translation of *Homer* ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

EARTHAM, March 4, 1793

HONORED KING OF BARDS,—Since you deign to demand the observations of an humble and unexperienced servant of yours, on a work of one who is so much his superior (as he is ever ready to serve you with all his might) behold what you demand! but let me desire you not to censure me for my unskilful and perhaps (as they will undoubtedly appear to you) ridiculous observations; but be so kind as to receive them as a mark of respectful affection from your obedient servant,

THOMAS HAYLEY

Book. Line.

I. 184. I cannot reconcile myself to these expressions, "Ah, cloth'd with impudence, etc."; and 195, "Shameless wolf"; and 126, "Face of flint."

I. 508. "Dishonor'd foul," is, in my opinion, an uncleanly expression.

I. 651. "Reel'd," I think makes it appear as if Olympus was drunk.

I. 749. "Kindler of the fires in Heaven," I think makes Jupiter appear too much like a lamplighter.

II. 317-319. These lines are, in my opinion, below the elevated genius of Mr. Cowper.

Book. Line.

XVIII. 300-304. This appears to me to be rather Irish, since in line 300 you say, "No one sat," and in 304, "Polydamas rose."

The Guilty Poet replies

o o o o o

WESTON, March 14, 1793

MY DEAR LITTLE CRITIC,—I thank you heartily for your observations, on which I set an higher value, (because they have instructed me as much, and have entertained me more,) than all the other strictures of our public judges in these matters. Perhaps I am not much more pleased with *shameless wolf, etc.*, than you. But what is to be done, my little man? Coarse as the expressions are, they are no more than equivalent to those of Homer. The invective of the ancient was never tempered with good manners, as your papa can tell you! and my business, you know, is not to be more polite than my author, but to represent him as closely as I can.

Dishonor'd foul I have wiped away, for the reason you give, which is a very just one, and the present reading is this—

Who had dared dishonor thus
The life itself, etc.

Your objection to *kindler of the fires of heaven* I had the good fortune to anticipate, and expunged the dirty ambiguity some time since, wondering, not a little, that I had ever admitted it.

The fault you find with the two first verses of Nestor's speech, discovers such a degree of just discernment, that but for your papa's assurance to the contrary, I must have suspected *him* as the author of that remark: much as I should have respected it, if it had been so, I value it. I assure you, my little friend, still more as yours. In the new edition the passage will be found thus altered—

Alas! great sorrow falls on Greece to-day,
Priam, and Priam's sons, with all in Troy.
Oh! how will they exult, and in their hearts
Triumph, once hearing of this broil between
The prime of Greece, in council, and in arms.

Where the word *reel* suggests to you the idea of a drunken mountain, it performs the service to which I destined it. It is a bold metaphor; but justified by one of the sublimest passages in Scripture, compared with the sublimity of which even that of Homer suffers humiliation.

It is God himself, who, speaking, I think, by the prophet Isaiah, says—

“The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard.”

With equal boldness in the same scripture, the poetry of which was never equalled, mountains are said to skip, to break out into singing, and the fields to clap their hands. I intend, therefore, that my Olympus shall be tipsy.

The accuracy of your last remark, in which you convicted me of a bull, delights me. A fig for all critics but you! The blockheads could not find it. It shall stand thus—

First spake Polydamas——.

And now, my dear little censor, once more accept my thanks. I only regret that your strictures are so few, being just and sensible as they are.

Tell your papa that he shall hear from me soon; accept mine, and my dear invalid's affectionate remembrances.—Ever yours,

W. C.

Thomas Babington Macaulay (aged fourteen) keeps Mrs. Hannah More (aged seventy) informed of what is going on

CLAPHAM, January 16, 1815

MY DEAR MADAM,—My mamma was on the point of writing to inform you that a supposed favourable alteration has taken place in Mr. Henry Thornton's case. His physicians are still sanguine in their expectations; but his friends, who examine his disorder by the rules of common sense, and not by those of medicine, are very weak in their hopes. The warm bath has been

prescribed ; (and it is the wish and prayer of all who know him that so excellent and valuable a character may be preserved to the world.)

(You will believe, my dear madam, that no one rejoices more than I do at your recovery from the effects of the fatal accident which threatened us.) Events like these prove to us the strength of our affection for our friends,—shew the esteem in which great characters are held by the world.

We are eagerly expecting the promised essay, which will indeed be a most important addition to the literary history of the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, ample as that already is. Every eminent writer of poetry, good or bad, has been publishing within the last month, or is to publish shortly. Lord Byron's pen is at work over a poem as yet nameless. Lucien Buonaparté has given the world his *Charlemagne*. Scott has published his *Lord of the Isles*, in six cantos, a beautiful and elegant poem ; and Southey his *Roderick, the last of the Goths*. Wordsworth has printed *The Excursion* (a ponderous quarto of five hundred pages), "*being a portion of the intended poem entitled The Recluse.*" What the length of this intended poem is to be, as the Grand Vizier said of the Turkish poet, "*N'est connu qu'à Dieu et à M. Wordsworth.*" This forerunner, however, is, to say no more, almost as long as it is dull ; not but that there are many striking and beautiful passages interspersed ; but who would wade through a poem

" —where, perhaps, one beauty shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines ? "

To add to the list, my dear madam, you will soon see a work of mine in print. Do not be frightened ! it is only the index to the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer*, which I have had the honour of composing. Index-making, though the lowest, is not the most useless round in the ladder of literature ; and I pride myself upon being able to say that there are many readers of the *Christian Observer* who could do without Walter Scott's works, but not without those of, my dear Madam, your affectionate friend,

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

P.S.—Give my love to your sisters, if you please, and

to my Aunt Thatcher, if still with you. My mamma has just now received her letter.

Hannah More informs Zachary Macaulay, Esq., of the mental progress of his son Thomas o o o

BARLEY WOOD, *July 21, 1815 (?)*

MY DEAR SIR,—I wanted Tom to write to-day but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Henry Savile's notion, that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* "Palestine," while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably.

I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the profane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but, without any hint, from me, whenever he comes to the Sacred Name, he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like, too, that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation.

It was a pretty trait of him yesterday : being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated and then said, " No, I have so few days that I will give them all to you." And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, " I know not whether to think on my journey with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents." Sometimes we converse in ballad-rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians ; at tea, we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air ; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope, will invigorate his body ; though his frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine, and seldom stays to our supper.

A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of " Clodpole and the Quack Doctor." It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his humbling one. I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said, with some humour, and much *good*-humour, that he had certain infallible marks of one ; which were, neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl ; but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.—Yours, my dear sir, very sincerely,

H. MORE

P.S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol.

Lewis Carroll writes to a little girl friend

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, *March 8, 1880*

MY DEAR ADA—(Isn't that your short name? "Adelaide" is all very well, but you see when one is *dreadfully* busy one hasn't time to write such long words—particularly when it takes one half-hour to remember how to spell it—and even then one has to go and get a dictionary to see if one has spelt it right, and of course the dictionary is in another room, at the top of a high bookcase—where it has been for months and months—and has got all covered with dust. So one has to get a duster first of all, and nearly choke oneself in dusting it—and when one *has* made out at last which is dictionary and which is dust, *even* then there is the job of remembering which end of the alphabet "A" comes—for one feels pretty certain it isn't in the *middle*—then one has to go and wash one's hands before turning over the leaves—for they've got so thick with dust, one hardly knows them by sight—and, as likely as not, the soap is lost, and the jug is empty, and there's no towel, and one has to spend hours and hours in finding things—and perhaps after all, one has to go off to the shop and buy a new cake of soap. So, with all this bother, I hope you won't mind my writing it short and saying, "My dear Ada"),—You said in your letter you would like a likeness of me: so here it is, and I hope you will like it. I won't forget to call the next time but one I'm in Wallington.
—Your very affectionate friend, LEWIS CARROLL

Robert Louis Stevenson transfers his birthday rights

[The following letter was written to the American Land Commissioner in Samoa, whose younger daughter, then at home in the States, had been born on a Christmas Day, and consequently regarded herself as defrauded of her natural rights to a private anniversary of her own.—SIDNEY COLVIN.]

VAILIMA, *June 19, 1891*

DEAR MR. IDE,—Herewith please find the DOCUMENT, which I trust will prove sufficient in law. It seems to me very attractive in its eclecticism; Scots,

English, and Roman law phrases are all indifferently introduced, and a quotation from the works of Haynes Bayly can hardly fail to attract the indulgence of the Bench.—Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I, Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scots Bar, author of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Moral Emblems*, stuck civil engineer, sole owner and patentee of the Palace and Plantation known as Vailima in the island of Upolu, Samoa, a British subject, being in sound mind, and pretty well, I thank you, in body :

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, the town of Saint Johnsbury, in the county of Caledonia, in the state of Vermont, United States of America, was born, out of all reason, upon Christmas Day, and is therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday ;

And considering that I, the said Robert Louis Stevenson, have attained an age when O, we never mention it, and that I have now no further use for a birthday of any description ;

And in consideration that I have met H. C. Ide, the father of the said Annie H. Ide, and found him about as white a land commissioner as I require :

Have transferred, and do hereby transfer, to the said Annie H. Ide, *all and whole* my rights and privileges in the thirteenth day of November, formerly my birthday, now, hereby, and henceforth, the birthday of the said Annie H. Ide, to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors ;

And I direct the said Annie H. Ide to add to the said name of Annie H. Ide the name Louisa—at least in private ; and I charge her to use my said birthday with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being so young as it once was, and having carried me in a very satisfactory manner since I can remember ;

And in case the said Annie H. Ide shall neglect or

contravene either of the above conditions, I hereby revoke the donation and transfer my rights in the said birthday to the President of the United States of America for the time being ;

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this nineteenth day of June in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-one.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Witness, Lloyd Osbourne

Witness, Harold Watts

The Rev. Sydney Smith threatens his little granddaughter with awful penalties for omitting to stamp his letter properly ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

OH, you little wretch ! your letter cost me fourpence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings ; I will undress your dolls and steal their under petticoats ; you shall have no currant-jelly to your rice ; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of your eyes ; when nobody else whips you, I will do so ; I will fill you so full of sugar-plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears ; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees. Your loving grandfather,

SYDNEY SMITH

II

THE NEWS BEARERS

Jane Austen tells her sister all the news ◊ ◊ ◊

STEVENTON, *Tuesday, December 1798*

MY DEAR CASSANDRA,—Your letter came quite as soon as I expected, and so your letters will always do, because I have made it a rule not to expect them till they come, in which I think I consult the ease of us both.

It is a great satisfaction to us to hear that your business is in a way to be settled, and so settled as to give you as little inconvenience as possible. You are very welcome to my father's name and to his services if they are ever required in it. I shall keep my ten pounds too, to wrap myself up in next winter.

I took the liberty a few days ago of asking your black velvet bonnet to lend me its cawl, which it very readily did, and by which I have been enabled to give a considerable improvement of dignity to cap, which was before too *nidgetty* to please me. I shall wear it on Thursday, but I hope you will not be offended with me for following your advice as to its ornaments only in part. I still venture to retain the narrow silver round it, put twice round without any bow, and instead of the black military feather shall put in the coquelicot one as being smarter, and besides coquelicot is to be all the fashion this winter. After the ball I shall probably make it entirely black.

I am sorry that our dear Charles begins to feel the dignity of ill-usage. My father will write to Admiral Gambier. He must have already received so much satisfaction from his acquaintance and patronage of Frank, that he will be delighted, I dare say, to have another of

the family introduced to him. I think it would be very right in Charles to address Sir Thomas on the occasion, though I cannot approve of *your* scheme of writing to him (which you communicated to me a few nights ago) to request him to come here and convey you to Steventon. To do you justice, however, you had some doubts of the propriety of such a measure yourself.

I am very much obliged to my dear little George for his message—for his *love* at least; his *duty*, I suppose, was only in consequence of some hints of my favourable intentions towards him from his father or mother. I am sincerely rejoiced, however, that I ever was born, since it has been the means of procuring him a dish of tea. Give my best love to him.

This morning has been made very gay to us by visits from our two lively neighbours, Mr. Holder and Mr. John Harwood.

I have received a very civil note from Mrs. Martin, requesting my name as a subscriber to her Library, which opens January 14, and my name, or rather yours, is accordingly given. My mother finds the money. May subscribes too, which I am glad of, but hardly expected. As an inducement to subscribe, Mrs. Martin tells me that her collection is not to consist only of novels, but of every kind of literature, etc. She might have spared this pretension to *our* family, who are great novel-readers and not ashamed of being so; but it was necessary, I suppose, to the self-consequence of half her subscribers.

I hope and imagine that Edward Taylor is to inherit all Sir Edward Dering's fortune as well as all his own father's. I took care to tell Mrs. Lefroy of your calling on her mother, and she seemed pleased with it.

I enjoyed the hard black frosts of last week very much, and one day while they lasted walked to Deane by myself. I do not know that I ever did such a thing in my life before.

Charles Powlett has been very ill, but is getting well again. His wife is discovered to be everything that the neighbourhood could wish her, silly and cross as well as extravagant.

Earle Harwood and his friend Mr. Bailey came to

Deane yesterday, but are not to stay above a day or two. Earle has got the appointment to a prison ship at Portsmouth, which he has been for some time desirous of having, and he and his wife are to live on board for the future.

We dine now at half-past three, and have done dinner, I suppose, before you begin. We drink tea at half-past six. I am afraid you will despise us. My father reads Cowper to us in the morning, to which I listen when I can. How do you spend your evenings? I guess that Elizabeth works, that you read to her, and that Edward goes to sleep. My mother continues hearty; her appetite and nights are very good, but she complains of an asthma, a dropsy, water in her chest, and a liver disorder.

The third Miss Irish Lefroy is going to be married to a Mr. Courteney, but whether James or Charles I do not know. Miss Lyford is gone into Suffolk with her brother and Miss Lodge. Everybody is now busy in making up an income for the two latter. Miss Lodge has only 800*l.* of her own, and it is not supposed that her father can give her much; therefore the good offices of the neighbourhood will be highly acceptable. John Lyford means to take pupils.

James Digweed has had a very ugly cut—how could it happen? It happened by a young horse which he had lately purchased, and which he was trying to back into its stable; the animal kicked him down with his fore feet, and kicked a great hole on his head; he scrambled away as soon as he could, but was stunned for a time, and suffered a good deal of pain afterwards. Yesterday he got upon the horse again, and, for fear of something worse, was forced to throw himself off.

Wednesday.—I have changed my mind, and changed the trimmings of my cap this morning; they are now such as you suggested. I felt as if I should not prosper if I strayed from your directions, and I think it makes me look more like Lady Corryngham now than it did before, which is all that one lives for now. I believe I *shall* make my new gown like my robe, but the back of the latter is all in a piece with the tail, and will seven yards enable me to copy it in that respect?

Mary went to church on Sunday, and had the weather

been smiling, we should have seen her before this time. Perhaps I may stay at Manydown as long as Monday, but not longer. Martha sends me word that she is too busy to write to me now, and but for your letter I should have supposed her deep in the study of medicine preparatory to their removal from Ibthorp. The letter to Gambier goes to-day.

I expect a very stupid ball; there will be nobody worth dancing with, and nobody worth talking to but Catherine, for I believe Mrs. Lefroy will not be there. Lucy is to go with Mrs. Russell.

People get so horribly poor and economical in this part of the world that I have no patience with them. Kent is the only place for happiness; everybody is rich there. I must do similar justice, however, to the Windsor neighbourhood. I have been forced to let James and Miss Debry have two sheets of your drawing-paper, but they shan't have any more; there are not above three or four left, besides one of a smaller and richer sort. Perhaps you may want some more if you come through town in your return, or rather buy some more, for your wanting it will not depend on your coming through town, I imagine. I have just heard from Martha and Frank: his letter was written on November 12. All well and nothing particular.

J. A.

Adonais is garrulous



(To Fanny Keats)

WINCHESTER, *August 28*

POSTMARK, *August 29, 1819*

MY DEAR FANNY,—You must forgive me for suffering so long a space to elapse between the dates of my letters. It is more than a fortnight since I left Shanklin chiefly for the purpose of being near a tolerable Library, which after all is not to be found in this place. However we like it very much: it is the pleasantest Town I ever was in, and has the most recommendations of any. There is a fine Cathedral which

to me is always a source of amusement, part of it built 1400 years ago ; and the more modern by a magnificent Man, you may have read of in our History, called William of Wickham. The whole town is beautifully wooded. From the hill at the eastern extremity you see a prospect of Streets, and old Buildings mixed up with Trees. Then there are the most beautiful streams about I ever saw—full of Trout. There is the Foundation of St. Croix about half a mile in the fields—a charity greatly abused.

We have a Collegiate School, a Roman Catholic School ; a chapel ditto and a nunnery ! And what improves it all is, the fashionable inhabitants are all gone to Southampton. We are quiet—except a fiddle that now and then goes like Gimlet through my Ears—our Landlady's son not being quite a Proficient.

The delightful Weather we have had for two Months is the highest gratification I could receive—no chill'd red noses—no shivering—but fair atmosphere to think in—a clean towel mark'd with the mangle and a basin of clear Water to drench one's face with ten times a day : no need of much exercise—a Mile a day being quite sufficient. My greatest regret is that I have not been well enough to bathe though I have been two Months by the sea side and live now close to delicious bathing. Still I enjoy the Weather—I adore fine Weather as the greatest blessing I can have. Give me Books, fruit, French wine and fine weather and a little music out of doors played by some one I do not know—not pay the price of one's time for a jig—but a little chance music : and I can pass a summer very quietly without caring much about Fat Louis, fat Regent or the Duke of Wellington.

Why have you not written to me ? Because you were in expectation of George's letter and so waited ? Mr. Brown is copying out our Tragedy of Otho the Great in a superb style—better than it deserves—there as I said is labour in vain for the present. I had hoped to give Kean another opportunity to shine. What can we do now ? There is not another actor of Tragedy in all London or Europe. The Covent Garden Company is execrable. Young is the best among them and he is a ranting coxcombical tasteless Actor—a Disgust, a Nausea—

and yet the very best after Kean. What a set of barren asses are actors! I should like now to promenade round your Gardens—apple-tasting—pear-tasting—plum-judging—apricot-nibbling—peach-scrunching—nectarine-sucking and melon-carving. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries full of sugar cracks—and a white currant tree kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lillied pond to eat white currants and see gold fish: and go to the Fair in the Evening if I'm good. There is not hope for that—one is sure to get into some mess before evening. Have these hot days I brag of so much been well or ill for your health? Let me hear soon.—Your affectionate Brother,
JOHN KEATS

Charles Lamb sends news to China

o o o

January 2, 1810

Mary sends her love.

DEAR MANNING,—When I last wrote to you, I was in lodgings. I am now in chambers, No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I should be happy to see you any evening. Bring any of your friends, the Mandarins, with you. I have two sitting-rooms: I call them so *par excellence*, for you may stand, loll, or lean, or try any posture in them; but they are best for sitting; not squatting down Japanese fashion, but the more decorous use of the posteriors which European usage has consecrated. I have two of these rooms on the third floor, and five sleeping, cooking, etc., rooms, on the fourth floor. In my best room is a choice collection of the works of Hogarth, an English painter of some humour. In my next best are shelves containing a small but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent—cold with brandy, and not very insipid without. Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen. I sent you a parcel of books by my last, to give you some idea of the state of European

literature. There comes with this two volumes, done up as letters, of minor poetry, a sequel to *Mrs. Leicester*; the best you may suppose mine; the next best are my coadjutor's; you may amuse yourself in guessing them out; but I must tell you mine are but one-third in quantity of the whole. So much for a very delicate subject. It is hard to speak of one's self, etc. Holcroft had finished his life when I wrote to you, and Hazlitt has since finished his life—I do not mean his own life, but he has finished a life of Holcroft, which is going to press. Tuthill is Dr. Tuthill. I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on titles of honour: and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honour—As at first, 1, Mr. C. Lamb; 2, C. Lamb, Esq.; 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4, Baron Lamb of Stamford¹; 5, Viscount Lamb; 6, Earl Lamb; 7, Marquis Lamb; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country, otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing. Puns I have not made many (nor punch much), since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral; upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp-set. But in general I cultivate the reasoning part of my mind more than the imaginative. Do you know Kate * * * * *. I am stuffed out so with eating turkey for dinner, and another turkey for supper yesterday (turkey in Europe and turkey in Asia), that I can't jog on. It is New-Year here. That is, it was New-Year half a-year back, when I was writing this. Nothing puzzles me more than time and space, and yet nothing puzzles me less, for I never think about them. The Persian ambassador is the principal

¹ Where my family come from. I have chosen that if ever I should have my choice.

thing talked of now. I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill at half past six in the morning, 28th November; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct in Persia. Have you trampled on the Cross yet? The Persian ambassador's name is Shaw Ali Mirza. The common people call him Shaw Nonsense. While I think of it, I have put three letters besides my own three into the Indian post for you, from your brother, sister, and some gentleman whose name I forget. Will they, have they, did they, come safe? The distance you are at, cuts up tenses by the root. I think you said you did not know Kate*****. I express her by nine stars, though she is but one, but if ever one star differed from another in glory——. You must have seen her at her father's. Try and remember her. Coleridge is bringing out a paper in weekly numbers, called the *Friend*, which I would send, if I could; but the difficulty I had in getting the packets of books out to you before deters me; and you'll want something new to read when you come home. It is chiefly intended to puff off Wordsworth's poetry; but there are some noble things in it by the by. Except Kate, I have had no vision of excellence this year, and she passed by like the queen on her coronation day; you don't know whether you saw her or not. Kate is fifteen: I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth--

“ She's sweet Fifteen,
I'm one year more.”

Mrs. Bland sung it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes in my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season. He was a rare composition of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel, yet all these elements mixed up so kindly in him, that you could not tell which predominated; but he is gone, and one Phillips is engaged instead. Kate is vanished, but Miss B***** is always to be met with!

“ Queens drop away, while blue-legg'd Maukin thrives;
And courtly Mildred dies, while country Madge survives.”

That is not my poetry, but Quarles's; but haven't you observed that the rarest things are the least obvious? Don't show anybody the names in this letter. I write confidentially, and wish this letter to be considered as *private*. Hazlitt has written a *grammar* for Godwin; Godwin sells it bound up with a treatise of his own on language, but the *grey mare is the better horse*. I don't allude to Mrs. Godwin, but to the word *grammar*, which comes near to *grey mare*, if you observe, in sound. That figure is called paronomasia in Greek. I am sometimes happy in it. An old woman begged of me for charity. "Ah! sir," said she, "I have seen better days;" "So have I, good woman," I replied; but I meant literally, days, not so rainy and overcast as that on which she begged: she meant more prosperous days. Dr. Dawe is made associate of the Royal Academy. By what law of association I can't guess. Mrs. Holcroft, Miss Holcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt, Mrs. Martin and Louisa, Mrs. Lum, Capt. Burney, Mrs. Burney, Martin Burney, Mr. Rickman, Mrs. Rickman, Dr. Stoddart, William Dollin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Norris, Mr. Fenwick, Mrs. Fenwick, Miss Fenwick, a man that saw you at our house one day, and a lady that heard me speak of you; Mrs. Buffam that heard Hazlitt mention you, Dr. Tuthill, Mrs. Tuthill, Colonel Harwood, Mrs. Harwood, Mr. Collier, Mrs. Collier, Mr. Sutton, Nurse, Mr. Fell, Mrs. Fell, Mr. Marshall, are very well, and occasionally inquire after you.

Charles Dickens narrates a dream

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *September 1, 1843*

MY DEAR FELTON,—If I thought it in the nature of things that you and I could ever agree on paper, touching a certain Chuzzlewitian question whereupon Forster tells me you have remarks to make, I should immediately walk into the same, tooth and nail. But as I don't, I won't. Contenting myself with the prediction, that one of these years and days, you will write or say to me: "My dear Dickens, you were right, though rough, and did a world of good, though you got most thoroughly

hated for it." To which I shall reply : " My dear Felton, I looked a long way off and not immediately under my nose." . . . At which sentiment you will laugh, and I shall laugh ; and then (for I foresee this will all happen in my land) we shall call for another pot of porter and two or three dozens of oysters.

Now, don't you in your own heart and soul quarrel with me for this long silence ?

Not half so much as I quarrel with myself, I know ; but if you could read half the letters I write to you in imagination, you would swear by me for the best of correspondents. The truth is, that when I have done my morning's work, down goes my pen, and from that minute I feel it a positive impossibility to take it up again, until imaginary butchers and bakers wave me to my desk. I walk about brimful of letters, facetious descriptions, touching morsels, and pathetic friendships, but can't for the soul of me uncork myself. The post-office is my rock ahead. My average number of letters that *must* be written every day is, at the least, a dozen. And you could no more know what I was writing to you spiritually, from the perusal of the bodily thirteenth, than you could tell from my hat what was going on in my head, or could read my heart on the surface of my flannel waistcoat.

This is a little fishing place ; intensely quiet ; built on a cliff, whereon—in the centre of a tiny semi-circular bay—our house stands ; the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands ?) whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village, a severe parsonic light, which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliffs are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms and on a great many scattered seats in the open air.

Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one-pair sits,

from nine o'clock to one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neck-cloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one time he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen—a kind of salmon-coloured porpoise—splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay-window on the ground floor, eating a strong lunch; after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back in the sand reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they *do* say is a small fortune to the innkeeper who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumour. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles, or so, away), and then I'm told there is a sound in Lincoln's Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine glasses.

I never shall have been so near you since we parted aboard the *George Washington* as next Tuesday. Forster, Maclise, and I, and perhaps Stanfield, are then going aboard the Cunard steamer at Liverpool, to bid Macready good-bye and bring his wife away. It will be a very hard parting. You will see and know him, of course. We gave him a splendid dinner last Saturday at Richmond, whereat I presided, with my accustomed grace. He is one of the noblest fellows in the world, and I would give a great deal that you and I should sit beside each other to see him play *Virginius*, *Lear*, or *Werner*, which I take to be, every way, the greatest piece of exquisite perfection that his lofty art is capable of attaining. His *Macbeth*, especially the last act, is a tremendous reality; but so indeed is almost everything he does. You recollect, perhaps, that he was the guardian of our children while we were away. I love him dearly. . . . You asked me, long ago, about Maclise. He is such a wayward fellow in his subjects, that it would be next to impossible to write such an article as you were thinking of about him. I wish you could form an idea of his genius. One of these days a book will come out, *Moore's Irish Melodies*, entirely illustrated by him, on every page. When it

comes, I'll send it to you. You will have some notion of him then.

He is in great favour with the Queen, and paints secret pictures for her to put upon her husband's table on the morning of his birthday, and the like. But if he has a care, he will leave his mark on more enduring things than palace walls.

And so Longfellow is married. I remember *her* well, and could draw her portrait, in words, to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature, and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted? . . . I very often dream I am in America again; but, strange to say, I never dream of you. I am always endeavouring to get home in disguise, and have a dreary sense of distance. *A propos* of dreams, is it not a strange thing if writers of fiction never dream of their own creations; recollecting, I suppose, even in their dreams, that they have no real existence? I never dream of any of my own characters, and I feel it so impossible that I would wager, Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago. I dreamed that somebody was dead. I don't know who, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman, or a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said. "is he dead?" "He is as dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a door-nail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens, sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah!" I said, "Yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said in a voice broken by emotion: "He christened his youngest child, Sir, with a toasting fork." I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world; and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration, for I felt that his explanation did equal honour to his head and heart.

What do you think of Mrs. Gamp? And how do you like the undertaker? I have a fancy that they are in your way. Oh heaven! such green woods as I was rambling among, down in Yorkshire, when I was getting that done last July! For days and weeks we never saw the sky through green boughs; and all day long I cantered over such soft moss and turf, that the horse's feet scarcely made a sound upon it. We have some friends in that part of the country (close to Castle Howard, where Lord Morpeth's father dwells in state, *in* his park indeed), who are the jollies of the jolly, keeping a big old country house, with an ale-cellar something larger than a reasonable church, and everything, like Goldsmith's bear, dances "in a concatenation accordingly." Just the place for you, Felton!

We performed some madnesses there in the way of forfeits, picnics, rustic games, inspections of ancient monasteries at midnight, when the moon was shining, that would have gone to your heart, and, as Mr. Weller says, "come out on the other side." . . . Write soon, my dear Felton; and if I write to you less often than I would, believe that my affectionate heart is with you always. Love and regards to all friends, from yours ever and ever, very faithfully yours.

Thomas Carlyle meets Queen Victoria

(To Mrs. Aitken, Dumfries)

CHelsea, March 11, 1869

DEAR JEAN,— . . . "Interview" took place this day gone a week; nearly a week before that, the Dean and Deaness (who is called Lady Augusta Stanley, once *Bruce*, an active hand and busy little woman) drove up here in a solemnly mysterious, though half quizzical manner, invited me for Thursday, 4th, 5 p.m.:—must come, a very "high or indeed highest person has long been desirous," etc. etc. I saw well enough it was the Queen incognita; and briefly agreed to come. "Half past 4 COME you!" and then went their ways.

Walking up at the set time, I was then ushered into a long drawing-room in their monastic edifice. I found no Stanley there ; only at the farther end, a tall old Gearpole¹ of a Mrs. Grote,—the most wooden woman I know in London or the world, who thinks herself very clever, etc.,—the sight of whom taught me to expect others ; as accordingly, in a few minutes, fell out. Grote and wife, Sir Charles Lyell and ditto, Browning and myself, were I saw to be our party. "Better than bargain ! These will take the edge off the thing, if edge it have !"—which it hadn't, nor threatened to have.

The Stanleys and we were all in a flow of talk, and some flunkies had done setting coffee-pots, tea-cups of sublime patterns, when Her Majesty, punctual to a minute, glided softly in, escorted by her Dame in Waiting (a Dowager Duchess of Athol) and by the Princess Louise, decidedly a very pretty young lady, and *clever* too, as I found in speaking to her afterwards.

The Queen came softly forward, a kindly little smile on her face ; gently shook hands with all three women, gently acknowledged with a nod the silent deep bow of us male monsters ; and directly in her presence everybody was as if at ease again. She is a comely little lady with a pair of kind, clear, and intelligent grey eyes ; still looks plump and almost young (in spite of one broad wrinkle that shows in each cheek *occasionally*) ; has a fine low voice ; soft indeed her whole manner is and melodiously perfect ; it is impossible to imagine a *politer* little woman—nothing the least imperious ; all gentle, all *sincere*-looking ; unembarrassing, rather attractive even ;—*makes* you feel too (if you have sense in you) that she is Queen.

After a little word to each of us in succession as we stood,—to me it was, "Sorry you did not see my Daughter," Princess of Prussia (or, "she sorry," perhaps ?) which led us into Potsdam, Berlin, etc., for an instant or two ; to Sir Charles Lyell I heard her say, "Gold in Sutherland," but quickly and delicately cut him *short* in responding ; to Browning, "Are you writing anything ?" (he has just been publishing the absurd of things !) ; to Grote I did not

¹ Irish weaver implement.

hear what she said; but it was touch and go with everybody; Majesty visibly *without* interest or nearly so of her *own*.

This done, coffee (very black and muddy) was handed round; Queen and three women taking seats in opposite corners, Mrs. Grote in a chair *intrusively* close to Majesty, Lady Lyell modestly at the *diagonal* corner; we others obliged to stand, and hover within call. Coffee fairly done, Lady Augusta called me gently to "Come and speak with Her Majesty." I obeyed, first asking as an old and infirmish man, Majesty's permission to *sit*, which was graciously conceded. Nothing of the least significance was said, or *needed*; however, my bit of dialogue went very well. "What part of Scotland I came from?" "Dumfries-shire (where Majesty might as well go some time); Carlisle, *i.e.* *Caer-Lewal*, a place about the antiquity of King Solomon (according to Milton, whereat Majesty smiled); Border-Ballads (and even old Jamie Pool slightly alluded to,—not by name!); Glasgow, and even Grandfather's ride thither,—ending in mere *psalms*, and streets *vacant* at half-past nine p.m.;—hard sound and genuine Presbyterian *root* of what has now shot up to be such a monstrous ugly cabbage-tree and Hemlock-tree!" all which Her Majesty seemed to take rather well.

Whereupon Mrs. Grote rose, and good naturedly brought forward her Husband to her own chair *cheek by jowl* with Her Majesty, who evidently did not care a straw for him, but kindly asked "Writing anything?" and one heard "Aristotle, now that I have done with Plato," etc., etc.—but only for a minimum of time. Majesty herself (I think apropos of some question of my *shaking hand*) said something about her own difficulty in writing by dictation, which brought forward Lady Lyell and husband, naturally used to the operation—after which, talk becoming trivial, Majesty gracefully retired,—Lady Augusta with her,—and in ten minutes more, returned to receive our farewell bows; which, too, she did very prettily; and sailed out as if moving on skates, and bending her head towards us with a smile. By the Underground Railway I was home before seven, and out of the adventure, with only a headache of little moment.

Froude tells me there are foolish *myths* about the poor business, especially about my share of it, but this is the real truth ;—*worth* to me, in strict speech, all but nothing ; the *myths* even less than nothing. . . .

T. CARLYLE'

Robert Louis Stevenson sets down a day's work at Apia

(To Sidney Colvin) ,

IN THE MOUNTAIN, APIA, SAMOA

Tuesday, November 3, 1890

I BEGIN to see the whole scheme of letter-writing ; you sit down every day and pour out an equable stream of twaddle.

This morning all my fears were fled, and all the trouble had fallen to the lot of Peni himself, who deserved it ; my field was full of weeders ; and I am again able to justify the ways of God. All morning I worked at the *South Seas*, and finished the chapter I had stuck upon on Saturday. Fanny, awfully hove-to with rheumatics and injuries received upon the field of sport and glory, chasing pigs, was unable to go up and down stairs, so she sat upon the back verandah, and my work was chequered by her cries. " Paul, you take a spade to do that—dig a hole first. If you do that, you'll cut your foot off ! Here, you boy, what do you there ? You no get work ? You go find Simelé ; he give you work. Peni, you tell this boy he go find Simelé ; suppose Simelé no give him work, you tell him go 'way. I no want him here. That boy no good."—*Peni* (from the distance in reassuring tones), " All right, sir ! "—*Fanny* (after a long pause), " Peni, you tell that boy go find Simelé. I no want him stand here all day. I no pay that boy. I see him all day. He no do nothing." Luncheon, beef, soda-scones, fried bananas, pine-apple in claret, coffee. Try to write a poem ; no go. Play the flageolet. Then sneakingly off to farming and pioneering. Four gangs at work on our place ; a lively scene ; axes crashing and smoke blowing ; all the knives are out. But I rob the

garden party of one without a stock, and you should see my hand—cut to ribbons. Now I want to do my path up the Vaituliga single-handed, and I want it to burst on the public complete. Hence, with devilish ingenuity, I begin it at different places; so that if you stumble on one section, you may not even then suspect the fulness of my labours. Accordingly, I started in a new place, below the wire, and hoping to work up to it. It was perhaps lucky I had so bad a cutlass, and my smarting hand bid me stay before I had got up to the wire, but just in season, so that I was only the better of my activity, not dead beat as yesterday.

A strange business it was, and infinitely solitary; away above, the sun was in the high tree-tops; the lianas noosed and sought to hang me; the saplings struggled, and came up with that sob of death that one gets to know so well; great, soft, sappy trees fell at a lick of the cutlass, little tough switches laughed at and dared my best endeavour. Soon, toiling down in that pit of verdure, I heard blows on the far side, and then laughter. I confess a chill settled on my heart. Being so dead alone, in a place where by rights none should be beyond me, I was aware, upon interrogation, if those blows had drawn nearer, I should (of course quite unaffectedly) have executed a strategic movement to the rear; and only the other day I was lamenting my insensibility to superstition! Am I beginning to be sucked in? Shall I become a midnight twitterer like my neighbours? At times I thought the blows were echoes; at times I thought the laughter was from birds. For our birds are strangely human in their calls. Vaea mountain about sundown sometimes rings with shrill cries, like the hails of merry, scattered children. As a matter of fact, I believe stealthy wood-cutters from Tanugamanono were above me in the wood and answerable for the blows; as for the laughter, a woman and two children had come and asked Fanny's leave to go up shrimp-fishing in the burn; beyond doubt, it was these I heard. Just at the right time I returned; to wash down, change, and begin this snatch of letter before dinner was ready, and to finish it afterwards, before Henry has yet put in an appearance for his lesson in "long expressions."

Dinner : stewed beef and potatoes, baked bananas, new loaf-bread hot from the oven, pine-apple in claret. These are great days ; we have been low in the past ; but now are we as belly-gods, enjoying all things.

Dame Dorothy Browne (Sir Thomas Browne's lady) gives
postscript news of the health and well-being of Master
Tommy Browne, her grandson ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

I

Aug. 29 [1678]

DEARE SONNE,— . . . I bless God your Tomy is
very well ; goos to scolle, and is a very good boy, and
delights his grandfather when hee comes home.

II

June 28 [1679 ?]

DEARE DAUGHTER,— . . . Wee dayly wish for the
new cloths ; all our linen being worne out but shefts,
and Tomey would give all his stock to see his briches.
I bless God wee ar all well as I hope you ar. Tomey pre-
sents his dutty, your sisters all love and services.—Your
affectionate mother,

DOROTHY BROWNE.

III

July 5 [1679]

TOMEY have receved his cloues, and is much delighted,
and sends you and his mother and grandmother dutty
and thanckes, and meanes to war them carefully.

IV

Novemb. vii. [1679]

DEARE DAUGHTER,—I thanck God for your letter,
and shall be so glad to see my Tomey returne in
helth though ever so durty ; hee knows fullars earth will
cleane all. I besich God of his mercy blesse you all.—
Your affectinat mother,

DOROTHY BROWNE

V

Sept. 6 [1680]

I BLESS God wee all continow wel, and Tomey present his dutty to you and his fathar, and give you many thanks for your touken. Hee did thinke to wright him selfe. Hee is now a very good boy for his boak, I can assuer you, and delights to read to his grandfather and I, when he coms from schole. God of his mercy bless you all.—
Your affectinat m^othar, DOROTHY BROWNE

VI

Feb. xiii. [1681-2]

YOUR Tomey grows a stout fellow, I hope you will come and see him this svmmor, hee is in great expectation of a tumbler you must send him for his popet show, a punch he has and his wife, and a straw king and quen, and ladies of honor,) and all things but a tumbler, which this town cannot aford: it is a wodin fellow that turns his heles over his head. . . .

III

HOSTS AND GUESTS

Macaulay describes his first visit to Holland House

LONDON, June 1, 1831

MY DEAR SISTER,—My last letter was a dull one. I mean this to be very amusing. My last was about Basinghall Street, attorneys, and bankrupts. But for this—take it dramatically in the German style.

Fine morning. Scene, the great entrance of Holland House

Enter MACAULAY and TWO FOOTMEN in livery

First Footman. Sir, may I venture to demand your name?

Macaulay. Macaulay, and thereto I add M.P.
And that addition, even in these proud halls,
May well ensure the bearer some respect.

Second Footman. And art thou come to breakfast with our Lord?

Macaulay. I am : for so his hospitable will,
And hers—the peerless dame ye serve—hath bade.

First Footman. Ascend the stair, and thou above shalt find,

On snow-white linen spread, the luscious meal.

[*Exit MACAULAY upstairs*]

In plain English prose, I went this morning to breakfast at Holland House. The day was fine, and I arrived at twenty minutes after ten. After I had lounged a short time in the dining-room, I heard a gruff good-natured voice asking, "Where is Mr. Macaulay? Where have you put him?" and in his arm-chair Lord Holland was wheeled in. He took me round the apartments, he riding and I walking. He gave me the history of the most remarkable portraits in the library, where there is, by the

bye, one of the few bad pieces of Lawrence that I have seen—a head of Charles James Fox, an ignominious failure. Lord Holland said that it was the worst ever painted of so eminent a man by so eminent an artist. There is a very fine head of Machiavelli, and another of Earl Grey, a very different sort of man. I observed a portrait of Lady Holland painted some thirty years ago. I could have cried to see the change. She must have been a most beautiful woman. She still looks, however, as if she had been handsome, and shows in one respect great taste and sense. She does not rouge at all; and her costume is not youthful, so that she looks as well in the morning as in the evening. We came back to the dining-room. Our breakfast party consisted of my Lord and Lady, myself, Lord Russell, and Luttrell. You must have heard of Luttrell. I met him once at Rogers's; and I have seen him, I think, in other places. He is a famous wit,—the most popular, I think, of all the professed wits,—a man who has lived in the highest circles, a scholar, and no contemptible poet. He wrote a little volume of verse entitled *Advice to Julia*,—not first rate, but neat, lively, piquant, and showing the most consummate knowledge of fashionable life.

We breakfasted on very good coffee, and very good tea, and very good eggs, butter kept in the midst of ice, and hot rolls. Lady Holland told us her dreams; how she had dreamed that a mad dog bit her foot, and how she set off to Brodie, and lost her way in St. Martin's Lane, and could not find him. She hoped, she said, the dream would not come true. I said that I had had a dream which admitted of no such hope; for I had dreamed that I heard Pollock speak in the House of Commons, that the speech was very long, and that he was coughed down. This dream of mine diverted them much.

After breakfast Lady Holland offered to conduct me to her own drawing-room, or, rather, commanded my attendance. A very beautiful room it is; opening on a terrace, and wainscotted with miniature paintings interesting from their merit, and interesting from their history. Among them I remarked a great many,—thirty I should think,—which even I, who am no great connoisseur, saw at once

could come from no hand but Stothard's. They were all on subjects from Lord Byron's poems. "Yes," said she, "poor Lord Byron sent them to me a short time before the separation. I sent them back, and told him that, if he gave them away, he ought to give them to Lady Byron. But he said that he would not, and that, if I did not take them, the bailiffs would, and that they would be lost in the wreck." Her ladyship then honoured me so far as to conduct me through her dressing-room into the great family bedchamber, to show me a very fine picture by Reynolds, of Fox, when a boy, birds-nesting. She then consigned me to Luttrell, asking him to show me the grounds.

Through the grounds we went, and very pretty I thought them. In the Dutch garden is a fine bronze bust of Napoleon, which Lord Holland put up in 1817, while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena. The inscription was selected by his lordship, and is remarkably happy. It is from Homer's *Odyssey*. I will translate it, as well as I can extempore, into a measure which gives a better idea of Homer's manner than Pope's sing-song couplet.

"For not, be sure, within the grave
Is hid that prince, the wise, the brave ;
But in an islet's narrow bound,
With the great Ocean roaring round,
The captive of a foeman base
He pines to view his native place."

There is a seat near the spot which is called Rogers's seat. The poet loves, it seems, to sit there. A very elegant inscription by Lord Holland is placed over it :

"Here Rogers sate ; and here for ever dwell
With me those pleasures which he sang so well."

Very neat and condensed, I think. Another inscription by Luttrell hangs there. Luttrell adjured me with mock pathos to spare his blushes ; but I am author enough to know what the blushes of authors mean. So I read the lipes, and very pretty and polished they were, but too many to be remembered from one reading.

Having gone round the grounds I took my leave, very much pleased with the place. Lord Holland is extremely

kind. But that is of course ; for he is kindness itself. Her ladyship too, which is by no means of course, is all graciousness and civility. But, for all this, I would much rather be quietly walking with you ; and the great use of going to these fine places is to learn how happy it is possible to be without them. Indeed, I care so little for them that I certainly should not have gone to-day, but that I thought I should be able to find materials for a letter which you might like.—Farewell,

T. B. MACAULAY

Charles Lamb among the Blue-Stockings ◊ ◊ ◊

(To S. T. Coleridge)

Probably April 16 or 17, 1800

I SEND you, in this parcel, my play, which I beg you to present in my name, with my respect and love, to Wordsworth and his sister. You blame us for giving your direction to Miss Wesley ; the woman has been ten times after us about it, and we gave it her at last, under the idea that no further harm would ensue, but she would *once* write to you, and you would bite your lips and forget to answer it, and so it would end. You read us a dismal homily upon " Realities." We know, quite as well as you do, what are shadows and what are realities. You, for instance, when you are over your fourth or fifth jorum, chirping about old school occurrences, are the best of realities. Shadows are cold, thin things, that have no warmth or grasp in them. Miss Wesley and her friend, and a tribe of authoresses that come after you here daily, and, in defect of you, hive and cluster upon us, are the shadows. You encouraged that mopsey, Miss Wesley, to dance after you, in the hope of having her nonsense put into a nonsensical Anthology. We have pretty well shaken her off, by that simple expedient of referring her to you ; but there are more burrs in the wind. I came home t'other day from business, hungry as a hunter, to dinner, with nothing, I am sure, of *the author but hunger* about me, and whom found I closeted with Mary but a friend of this Miss Wesley, one Miss Benje, or Benjey—

I don't know how she spells her name. I just came in time enough, I believe, luckily to prevent them from exchanging vows of eternal friendship. It seems she is one of your authoresses, that you first foster, and then upbraid us with. But I forgive you. "The rogue has given me potions to make me love him." Well; go she would not, nor step a step over our threshold, till we had promised to come and drink tea with her next night. I had never seen her before, and could not tell who the devil it was that was so familiar. We went, however, not to be impolite. Her lodgings are up two pairs of stairs in East Street. Tea and coffee, and macaroons—a kind of cake—I much love. We sat down. Presently Miss Benje broke the silence, by declaring herself quite of a different opinion from D'Israeli, who supposes the differences of human intellect to be the mere effect of organisation. She begged to know my opinion. I attempted to carry it off with a pun upon organ; but that went off very flat. She immediately conceived a very low opinion of my metaphysics; and, turning round to Mary, put some question to her in French,—possibly having heard that neither Mary nor I understood French. The explanation that took place occasioned some embarrassment and much wondering. She then fell into an insulting conversation about the comparative genius and merits of all modern languages, and concluded with asserting that the Saxon was esteemed the purest dialect in Germany. From thence she passed into the subject of poetry; where I, who had hitherto sat mute and a hearer only, humbly hoped I might now put in a word to some advantage, seeing that it was my own trade in a manner. But I was stopped by a round assertion, that no good poetry had appeared since Dr. Johnson's time. It seems the Doctor has suppressed many hopeful geniuses that way by the severity of his critical strictures in his *Lives of the Poets*. I here ventured to question the fact, and was beginning to appeal to names, but I was assured "it was certainly the case." Then we discussed Miss More's book on education, which I had never read. It seems Dr. Gregory, another of Miss Benje's friends, has found fault with one of Miss More's metaphors. Miss More has been at some pains to vindicate herself—in the

opinion of Miss Benjey, not without success. It seems the Doctor is invariably against the use of broken or mixed metaphor, which he reprobates against the authority of Shakespeare himself. We next discussed the question, whether Pope was a poet? I find Dr. Gregory is of opinion he was not, though Miss Seward does not at all concur with him in this. We then sat upon the comparative merits of the ten translations of *Pizarro*, and Miss Benjey or Benje advised Mary to take two of them home; she thought it might afford her some pleasure to compare them *verbatim*; which we declined. It being now nine o'clock, wine and macaroons were again served round, and we parted, with a promise to go again next week, and meet the Miss Porters, who, it seems have heard much of Mr. Coleridge, and wish to meet *us*, because we are *his* friends. I have been preparing for the occasion. I crowd cotton in my ears. I read all the reviews and magazines of the past month against the dreadful meeting, and I hope by these means to cut a tolerable second-rate figure.

The Rev. Sydney Smith declines two invitations

I

(To Mrs. Meynell)

GREEN STREET, *June*, 1840

THY servant is threescore-and-ten years old; can he hear the sound of singing men and singing women? A Canon at the Opera! Where have you lived? In what habitations of the heathen? I thank you, shuddering; and am ever your unseducible friend,

SYDNEY SMITH

II

ENGAGED, my dear Miss Berry, up to the teeth on Saturday, or should be too happy. It gives me great comfort that you are recovered. I would not have survived you. To precipitate myself from the pulpit of Paul was the peculiar mode of destruction on which I had resolved.—Ever yours,

SYDNEY SMITH

Charles Lamb confesses to a night of it ~ ~ ~

(To Dr. Asbury)

DEAR SIR,—It is an observation of a wise man that “moderation is best in all things.” I cannot agree with him “in liquor.” There is a smoothness and oiliness in wine that makes it go down by a natural channel, which I am positive was made for that descending. Else, why does not wine choke us? could Nature have made that sloping lane, not to facilitate the downgoing? She does nothing in vain. You know that better than I. You know how often she has helped you at a dead lift, and now much better entitled she is to a fee than yourself sometimes, when you carry off the credit. Still there is something due to manners and customs, and I should apologise to you and Mrs. Asbury for being absolutely carried home upon a man’s shoulder thro’ Silver Street, up Parson’s Lane, by the Chapels (which might have taught me better), and then to be deposited like a dead log at Gaffar Westwood’s, who it seems does not “insure” against intoxication. Not that the mode of conveyance is objectionable. On the contrary, it is more easy than a one-horse chaise. Ariel in the *Tempest* says

“On a Bat’s back do I fly, after sunset merrily.”

Now I take it that Ariel must sometimes have stayed out late of nights. Indeed, he pretends that “where the bee sucks, there lurks he,” as much as to say that his suction is as innocent as that little innocent (but damnably stinging when he is provok’d) winged creature. But I take it, that Ariel was fond of metheglin, of which the Bees are notorious Brewers. But then you will say: What a shocking sight to see a middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half riding upon a Gentleman’s back up Parson’s Lane at midnight! Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him, nobody but Heaven and his own conscience; now Heaven makes fools, and don’t expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, She and I have long since come to

a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the truc. I like to be liked, but I don't care about being respected. I don't respect myself. But, as I was saying, I thought he would have let me down just as we got to Lieutenant Barker's Coal-shed (or emporium), but by a cunning jerk I eased myself, and righted my posture. I protest, I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me. There was I, all but my reason. And what is reason? and what is the loss of it? and how often in a day do we do without it, just as well? Reason is only counting, two and two makes four. And if on my passage home, I thought it made five, what matter? Two and two will make just four, as it always did, before I took the finishing glass that did my business. My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party; now it does seem to me, that I rather honoured your party; for every one that was not druñk (and one or two of the ladies, I am sure, were not) must have been set off greatly in the contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed. By the way, is magnesia good on these occasions? *iii pol : med : sum : ante noct : in rub : can :*. I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model. But still you will say (or the men and maids at your house, will say) that it is not a seemly sight for an old gentleman to go home pick-a-back. Well, may be it is not. But I never studied grace. I take it to be a mere superficial accomplishment. I regard more the internal acquisitions. The great object after supper is to get home, and whether that is obtained in a horizontal posture or perpendicular (as foolish men and apes affect for dignity), I think is little to the purpose. The end is always greater than the means. Here I am, able to compose a sensible rational apology, and what signifies how I got here? I have just sense enough to remember I was very happy last night, and to thank our kind host and hostess, and that's sense enough, I hope.

CHARLES LAMB

N.B.—What is good for a desperate head-ache? Why,

patience, and a determination not to mind being miserable all day long. And that I have made my mind up to. So, here goes. It is better than not being alive at all, which I might have been, had your man toppled me down at Lieut. Barker's Coal-shed. My sister sends her ~~spier~~ compliments to Mrs. A. She is not much the worse.—
Yours truly,

C. LAMB

Charles Dickens chronicles the proceedings of four Eton
boys ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *July 11, 1851*

MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,—I am so desperately indignant with you for writing that short apology for a note, and pretending to suppose that under any circumstances I could fail to read with interest anything you wrote to me, that I have more than half a mind to inflict a regular letter upon you. If I were not the gentlest of men I should do!

Poor dear Haldimand, I have thought of him so often. That kind of decay is so inexpressibly affecting and piteous to me, that I have no words to express my compassion and sorrow. When I was at Abbotsford, I saw in a vile glass case the last clothes Scott wore. Among them an old white hat, which seemed to be tumbled and bent and broken by the uneasy, purposeless wandering, hither and thither, of his heavy head. It so embodied Lockhart's pathetic description of him when he tried to write, and laid down his pen and cried, that it associated itself in my mind with broken powers and mental weakness from that hour. I fancy Haldimand in such another, going listlessly about that beautiful place, and remembering the happy hours we have passed with him, and his goodness and truth, I think what a dream we live in, until it seems for the moment the saddest dream that ever was dreamed. Pray tell us if you hear more of him. We really loved him.

To go to the opposite side of life, let me tell you that a week or so ago I took Charley and three of his school-fellows down the river gipsying. I secured the services of Charley's godfather (an old friend of mine, and a noble

fellow with boys), and went down to Slough, accompanied by two immense hampers from Fortnum and Mason, on (I believe) the wettest morning ever seen out of the tropics.

It cleared before we got to Slough; but the boys, who had got up at four (we being due at eleven), had horrible misgivings that we might not come, in consequence of which we saw them looking into the carriages before us, all face. They seemed to have no bodies whatever, but to be all face; their countenances lengthened to that surprising extent. When they saw us the faces shut up as if they were upon strong springs, and their waistcoats developed themselves in the usual places. When the first hamper came out of the luggage-van, I was conscious of their dancing behind the guard; when the second came out with bottles in it, they all stood wildly on one leg. We then got a couple of flies to drive to the boat-house. I put them in the first, but they couldn't sit still a moment, and were perpetually flying up and down like the toy figures in the sham snuff-boxes. In this order we went on to "Tom Brown's, the tailors," where they all dressed in aquatic costume, and then to the boat-house, where they all cried in shrill chorus for "Mahogany"—a gentleman so called by reason of his sunburnt complexion, a waterman by profession. (He was likewise called during the day "Hog" and "Hogany," and seemed to be unconscious of any proper name whatsoever.) We embarked, the sun shining now, in a galley with a striped awning, which I had ordered for the purpose, and all rowing hard, went down the river. We dined in a field; what I suffered for fear those boys should get drunk, the struggles I underwent in a contest of feeling between hospitality and prudence, must ever remain untold. I feel, even now, old with anxiety of that tremendous hour. They were very good, however. The speech of one became thick, and his eyes too like lobsters' to be comfortable, but only temporarily. He recovered and I suppose outlived the salad he took. I have heard nothing to the contrary, and I imagine I should have been implicated in the inquest if there had been one. We had tea and rashers of bacon at a public-house, and came home, the last five or six miles in a

prodigious thunder-storm. This was the great success of the day, which they certainly enjoyed more than anything else. The dinner had been great, and Mahogany had informed them, after a bottle of light champagne, that he never would come up the river "with ginger compary" any more. But the getting so completely wet through was the culminating part of the entertainment. You never in your life saw such objects as they were; and their perfect unconsciousness that it was at all advisable to go home and change, or that there was anything to prevent their standing at the station two mortal hours to see me off, was wonderful. As to getting them to their dames with any sort of sense that they were damp, I abandoned the idea. I thought it a success when they went down the street as civilly as if they were just up and newly dressed, though they really looked as if you could have rubbed them to rags with a touch, like saturated curl-paper.

I am sorry you have not been able to see our play, which I suppose you won't now, for I take it you are not going on Monday, the twenty-first, our last night in town? It is worth seeing, not for the getting up (which modesty forbids me to approve), but for the little bijou it is, in the scenery, dresses and appointments.

They are such as never can be got together again, because such men as Stanfield, Roberts, Grieve, Haghe, Egg and others never can be again combined in such a work. Everything has been done at its best from all sorts of authorities, and it is really very beautiful to look at.

I find I am "used up" by the Exhibition. I don't say "there is nothing in it"—there's too much. I have only been twice; so many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and the fusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it.

I am not sure that I have seen anything but the fountain and perhaps the Amazon. It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to be false, but when anyone says, "Have you seen——?" I say "Yes," because if I don't, I know he'll explain it, and I can't bear that. — took all the school one day. The school was composed of a hundred "infants"

who got among the horses' legs in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came reeling out from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind. They were clinging to horses, I am told, all over the park. When they were collected and added up by the frantic monitors, they were all right. They were then regaled with cake, etc., and went tottering and staring all over the place; the greater part wetting their forefingers and drawing a wavy pattern on every accessible object. One infant strayed. He was not missed. Ninety and nine were taken home, supposed to be the whole collection, but this particular infant went to Hammersmith. He was found by the police at night, going round and round the turnpike, which he still supposed to be a part of the Exhibition. He had the same opinion of the police, also of Hammersmith workhouse, where he passed the night. When his mother came for him in the morning, he asked when it would be over? It was a great Exhibition, he said, but he thought it long.

As I begin to have a foreboding that you will think the same of this act of vengeance of mine, this present letter, I shall make an end of it with my heartiest and most loving remembrances to Watson. I would have liked him of all things to have been in the Eton expedition, tell him, and to have heard a song (by-the-bye, I have forgotten that) sung in the thunder-storm, solos by Charley, chorus by the friends, describing the career of a booby who was plucked at College, every verse ending—

“ I don't care a fig what the people may think,
But what WILL the governor say ! ”

which was shouted with a deferential jollity towards myself, as a governor who had that day done a creditable action, and proved himself worthy of all confidence.—
Ever, dear Mrs. Watson, most sincerely yours.

IV
LITERATURE AND ART

Haydon, Keats, and Shakespeare ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

March, 1818

MY DEAR KEATS,—I shall go mad! In a field at Stratford-upon-Avon, that belonged to Shakespeare, they have found a gold ring and seal, with the initials W. S. and a true lover's knot between. If this is not Shakespeare, who is it?—A true lover's knot! I saw an impression to-day, and am to have one as soon as possible: as sure as that you breathe, and that he was the first of beings, the seal belonged to him.

O Lord!

B. R. HAYDON .

TEIGNMOUTH,

Sunday Morning

MY DEAR HAYDON,—In sooth I hope you are not too sanguine about that seal, in sooth I hope it is not Brummagem, in double sooth I hope it is his, and in triple sooth I hope I shall have an impression. Such a piece of intelligence came doubly welcome to me while in your own county and in your own hand, not but what I have blown up the said county for its watery qualifications.

The six first days I was here it did nothing but rain, and at that time having to write to a friend, I gave Devonshire a good blowing up; it has been fine for almost three days, and I was coming round a bit, but to-day it rains again.

With me the county is on its good behaviour. I have enjoyed the most delightful walks these three fine days, beautiful enough to make me content.

Dear Swift gives Mr. Pope news of *Gulliver* and himself

September 29, 1725

I AM now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalise myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.

I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my *Travels* (*Gulliver's*), in four parts complete, newly augmented and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after, distresses and dispersions.

But the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than to divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request.

I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals.

For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one.

It is so with physicians. I will not speak of my own trade, soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest.

But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell), and so I shall go on until I have done with them.

I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*,¹ and to show

¹ [Man is] a reasoning animal.

it should be only *rationis capax*.¹ Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected ; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. •

By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too.

The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute ; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point. I did not know your *Odyssey* was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days.

I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less for the mixture you mention of other hands ; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*. I have almost done with Harriquets, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen.

The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but I know not how to moralise it.

She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf nor lives at court ; Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a court-lady ; Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady ; but then she is a most damnable party woman, and will never make me easy as you promise.

It must be riches, which answers all your description. I am glad she visits you ; but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others.

Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my *Travels* ! But, however, he is not without fault.

¹ Capable of reason.

There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas ! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful ; but, alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk ! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of my friend Gay ; but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord-Lieutenant. Phillips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret.

A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss.

Phillips is a complainer ; and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret that complainers never succeeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left ? I have an ill name and therefore shall not subscribe it ; but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can. I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left (of which he hath not been thrifty) ; but I wonder he has no more discretion.

Miss Edgeworth visits Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh

(To Mrs. Ruxton)

EDINBURGH, 32 ABERCROMBY PLACE

June 8, 1823

YOU have had our history up to Kinneil House. Mrs. and Miss Stewart accompanied us some miles on our road to show us the palace of Linlithgow—very

interesting to see, but not to describe. The drive from Linlithgow to Edinburgh is nothing extraordinary, but the road approaching the city is grand, and the first view of the Castle and mine "own romantic town" delighted my companions; the day was fine and they were sitting outside on the barouche seat—a seat which you, my dear aunt, would not have envied them with all their fine prospects; by this approach to Edinburgh there are no suburbs; you drive at once through magnificent broad streets and fine squares—all the houses are of stone, darker than the Ardbraaccain stone, and of a kind that is little injured by weather or time. Margaret Alison had taken lodgings for us in Abercromby Place—finely built, with hanging shrubbery garden, and the house as delightful as the situation. As soon as we had packed, and arranged our things the evening of our arrival, we walked, about ten minutes' distance from us, to our dear old friends the Alisons. We found them shawled and bonneted, just coming to see us.

Mr. Alison and Sir Walter Scott had settled that we should drive the first day after our arrival with Mr. Alison, which was just what we wished; but on our return home we found a note from Sir Walter:

"DEAR MISS EDGEWORTH,—I have just received your kind note, just when I had persuaded myself it was most likely I should see you in person or hear of your arrival. Mr. Alison writes to me you are engaged to drive with him to-morrow, which puts Roslin out of the question for that day, as it might keep you late. On Sunday I hope you will join our family party at five, and on Monday I have asked one or two of the northern lights on purpose to meet you. I should be engrossing at any time, but we shall be more disposed to be so just now, because on the 12th I am under the necessity of going to a different kingdom (only the kingdom of *Fife*) for a day or two. To-morrow, if it is quite agreeable, I will wait on you about twelve, and hope you will permit me to show you some of our improvements.—I am always most respectfully yours,

WALTER SCOTT

"EDINBURGH, *Friday*

• "P.S.—Our old family coach is *licensed* to carry *six* ; so take no care on that score. I enclose Mr. Alison's note ; truly sorry I could not accept the invitation it contains.

• "P.S.—My wife insists I shall add that the Laird of Staffa promised to look in on us this evening at eight or nine, for the purpose of letting us hear one of his clansmen sing some Highland boat songs and the like, and that if you will come, as the Irish should to the Scotch, without any ceremony, you will hear what is perhaps more curious than mellifluous. The man returns to the Isles to-morrow. There are no strangers with us ; no party ; none but all our own family and two old friends.

"Moreover, all our women-kind have been calling it Gibb's hotel, so if you are not really tired and late, you have not even pride, the ladies' last defence, to oppose to this request. But, above all, do not fatigue yourself and the young ladies.

• "No dressing to be thought of."

Ten o'clock struck as I read the note ; we were tired—we were not fit to be seen ; but I thought it right to accept "Walter Scott's" cordial invitation ; sent for a hackney coach, and just as we were, without dressing, went. As the coach stopped, we saw the hall lighted, and the moment the door opened, heard the joyous sounds of loud singing. Three servants—"The Miss Edgeworths" sounded from hall to landing-place, and as I paused for a moment in the anteroom, I heard the first sound of Walter Scott's voice, "The Miss Edgeworths *come*."

The room was lighted by only one globe lamp. A circle were singing low and beating time. All stopped in an instant, and Walter Scott in the most cordial and courteous manner stepped forward to welcome us : "Miss Edgeworth, this is so kind of you !"

My first impression was that he was neither so large, nor so heavy in appearance, as I had been led to expect by description, bust, and picture. He is more lame than I expected, but not unwieldy ; his countenance, even by the uncertain light in which I first saw it, pleased me much, benevolent and full of genius, without the slightest

effort at expression ; delightfully natural, as if he did not know he was Walter Scott or the Great Unknown of the north, as if he only thought of making others happy.

After naming to us " Lady Scott, Staffa, my daughter Lockhart, Sophia, another daughter Anne, my son, my son-in-law Lockhart," just in the broken circle as they then stood, and showing me that only his family and his friends, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Sharpe, were present, he sat down for a minute beside me on a low sofa ; and on my saying, " Do not let us interrupt what was going on," he immediately rose and begged Staffa to bid his boatman strike up again. " Will you join in the circle with us ? " He put the end of a silk handkerchief into my hand, and others into my sisters' ; they held these handkerchiefs all in their circle again, and the boatman began to roar out a Gaelic song, to which they all stamped in time and repeated the chorus, which, as far as I could hear, sounded like "*at am Vaun ! at am Vaun !*" frequently repeated with prodigious enthusiasm. In another I could make out no intelligible sound but "*Bar ! bar ! bar !*" But the boatman's dark eyes were ready to start out of his head with rapture as he sang and stamped, and shook the handkerchief on each side, and the circle imitated.

Lady Scott is so exactly what I had heard her described, that it seemed as if we had seen her before. She must have been very handsome. French dark large eyes, civil and good-natured. Supper at a round table, a family supper, with attention to us, with sufficient and no more. The impression left on my mind this night is that Walter Scott is one of the best bred men I ever saw, with all the exquisite politeness which he knows so well how to describe, which is of no particular school or country, but which is of all countries, the politeness which arises from good and quick sense and jesting, which seems to know by instinct the characters of others, to see what will please, and put all his guests at their ease. As I sat beside him at supper, I could not believe he was a stranger, and forgot he was a great man. Mr. Lockhart is very handsome, quite unlike his picture in *Peter's Letters*.

When we wakened in the morning, the whole scene of the preceding night seemed like a dream ; however, at

twelve came the real Lady Scott; and we called for Scott at the Parliament House, who came out of the Courts with joyous face as if he had nothing on earth to do or to think of, but to show us Edinburgh. Seeming to enjoy it all as much as he could, he carried us to Parliament House, Advocates' Library, Castle, and Holyrood House. His conversation all the time better than anything we could see, full of *à propos* anecdote, historic, serious or comic, just as occasion called for it, and all with a *bonhomie* and an ease that made us forget it was any trouble even to his lameness to mount flights of eternal stairs. Chantrey's statues of Lord Melville and President Blair are admirable. There is another by Roubillac of Duncan Forbes, which is excellent. Scott is enthusiastic about the beauties of Edinburgh, and well he may be, the most magnificent as well as the most romantic of cities.

We dined with the dear good Alisons. Mr. Alison met me at the drawing-room door, took me in his arms and gave me a hearty hug, and I do not think he is much altered, only that his locks are silvered over. At the dinner were, besides his two sons and two daughters and Mr. Alison, Mr. and Mrs. Skene (in one of Scott's introductions to *Marmion* you will find Mr. Skene), Mr. Hope, the Scotch Solicitor-General (it is curious the Solicitor-Generals of Scotland and Ireland should be Hope and Joy!), Mr. Brewster, Lord Meadowbank, and Mrs. Maconachie his wife. Mr. Alison wanted me to sit beside everybody, and I wanted to sit by him, and this I accomplished; on the other side was Mr. Hope, whose head and character you will find in *Peter's Letters*: he was very entertaining. Sophy sat beside Mr. Brewster, and had a great deal of conversation with him.

Next day, Sunday, went to hear Mr. Alison; his fine voice but little altered. To me he appears the best preacher I have ever heard. Dined at Scott's; only his own family, his friend Skene, his wife and daughter and Sir Henry Stewart; I sat beside Scott. I dare not attempt at this moment even to think of any of the anecdotes he told, the fragments of poetry he repeated, or the observations on national character he made, lest I should be tempted to write some of them for you, and should

never end this letter, which must be ended some time or other. His strong affection for his early friends and his country gives a power and charm to his conversation, which cannot be given by the polish of the London world or by the habit of literary conversation. *Quentin Durward* was lying on the table. Mrs. Skene took it up and said, "This is really too barefaced." Scott, when pointing to the hospital built by Heriot, said, "That was built by one Heriot, you know, the jeweller, in Charles the Second's time."

There was an arch simplicity in his look, at which we could hardly forbear laughing.

Dr. John Brown meets Thackeray

28 RUTLAND STREET

December 1851 or January 1852

MY DEAR COVENTRY,—I wish you had been here for the last fortnight to have seen, heard, and known Thackeray,—a fellow after your own heart,—a strong-headed, sound-hearted, judicious fellow, who knew the things that differ, and prefers Pope to Longfellow, and Mrs. Barrett-Browning and Milton to Mr. Festus, and Sir Roger de Coverley to *Pickwick*, and David Hume's *History* to Sheriff Alison's, and the verses by E. V. K. to his friend in town to anything he has seen for a long time; and "the impassioned grape" to the whole work, prosaic and poetical, of Sir Bulwer Lytton. I have seen a great deal of him, and talked with him on all sorts of things, and next to yourself I know no man so much to my mind. He is much better and greater than his works.

His lectures have been very well attended, and I hope he will carry off £300. I wish he could have taken as much from Glasgow, but this may not be found possible. He was so curious about you after sending these verses, which he liked exceedingly. He is 6 feet 3 in height, with a broad kindly face and an immense skull. Do you remember Dr. Henderson of Galashiels? He is ludicrously like him—the same big head and broad face,—his voice is very like, and the same nicety in expression and in the cadence,

of the voice. He makes no figure in company, except as very good-humoured, and by saying now and then a quietly strong thing. I so much wish you had met him. He is as much bigger than Dickens as a three-decker of one hundred and twenty guns is bigger than a small steamer with one long-range swivel-gun. He has set everybody here a-reading *Stella's Journal*, *Gulliver*, the *Tatler*, *Joseph Andrews*, and *Humphrey Clinker*. He has a great turn for politics, right notions, and keen desires, and from his kind of head would make a good public man. He has much in him which cannot find issue in mere authorship.—

Yours ever affectionately,

J. B.

Horace Walpole keeps George Montagu informed

ARLINGTON STREET, December 16, 1764

AS I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living; I send this, however, to inquire, and, if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it.

Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my handwriting that I am still in being; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no further particulars about myself—nay, nor about anybody else: your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none, nobody is even dead, as the Bishop of Carlisle [Lyttleton] told me to-day, which I repeat to you in general, though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on Tuesdays; to supply which defects the subscribers are to have a ball and supper—a plan that in my humble opinion will [fill] the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays.

At both playhouses are woful English operas, which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears ; how long the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin ; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses' rod gobbled down those of the magicians.

Well, but there are more joys ; a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian Minister's ; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's ; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French Ambassador's ; besides Madame de Welden's on Wednesdays, Lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my Lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and drawing-rooms without end. Not to mention the Maccaroni Club ; which has quite absorbed Arthur's ; for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all ~~these~~ pleasures I prescribe myself a very small pittance,—my dark corner in my own box at the Opera, and now ~~and~~ then an ambassador, to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. Politics are gone to sleep, like a paroli at pharaoh, though there is the finest tract lately published that was ever written, called an "*Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels.*" It would warm your old Algernon blood ; but for what anybody cares, might as well have been written about the wars of York and Lancaster.

The thing most in fashion, is my edition of Lord Herbert's Life ; people are mad after it, I believe because only 200 were printed ; and, by the numbers that admire it, I am convinced that if I had kept his lordship's counsel, very few would have found out the absurdity of it.

The caution with which I hinted at its extravagance has passed with several for approbation, and drawn in theirs. This is nothing new to me ; it is when one laughs out at their idols, that one angers people. I do not wonder now that Sir Philip Sidney was the darling hero, when Lord Herbert, who followed him so close, and trod in his steps, is at this time of day within an ace of rivalling him. I wish I had let him ; it was contradicting one of my

own maxims, which I hold to be very just ; that it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless we could cure it of being foolish.

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, yet love nothing ; care a straw for nothing but two or three old friends that I have loved these 30 years. You have buried yourself with half a dozen parsons and squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with.

You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world ; I like it no more than you ; but I stay a while in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up, one grows angry with it ; and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humour. You cannot imagine how much ill-blood this perseverance has cured me of ; I used to say to myself : " Lord ! this person is so bad, that person is so bad. I hate them." I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out, but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you ; but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbours (I don't mean those at next door, but in the Scripture sense of neighbour, anybody) and say, " That is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him." Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am yours most cordially.

Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle describes Chelsea

(To Dr. Carlyle, Naples)

U.L.B.

CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON, June 17, 1834

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You can fancy what weary lonesome wanderings I had, through the dirty suburbs, and along the burning streets, under a fierce May sun with east wind ; " seeking through the nation

for some habitation " ! At length Jane sent me comfortable tidings of innumerable difficulties overcome ; and finally (in, I think, the fourth week) arrived herself ; with the Furniture all close following her, in one of Pickford's Trade-boats. I carried her to a certain of the hopefullest looking houses I had fallen in with, and a toilsome time we anew had : however, it was not long ; for, on the second inspection, this old Chelsea Mansion pleased very decidedly far better than any other we could see ; and, the people also whom it belongs to proving reasonable, we soon struck a bargain, and in three days more (precisely this day week) a Hackney Coach, loaded to the roof and beyond it with luggage and live-passengers, tumbled us all down here about eleven in the morning. By " all " I mean my Dame and myself ; Bessy Barnet, who had come the night before ; and—little *Chico*, the Canary-bird, who *multum jactatus*,¹ did nevertheless arrive living and well from Puttock, and even sang all the way by sea or land, nay struck up his *lilt* in the very London streets wherever he could see green leaves and feel the free air. There then we sat on three trunks ; I, however, with a matchbox soon lit a cigar, as Bessy did a fire ; and thus with a kind of cheerful solemnity we took possession by "raising reek," and even dined, in an extempore fashion, on a box-lid covered with some accidental towel. At two o'clock the Pickfords did arrive ; and *then* began the hurly-burly ; which even yet is but grown quieter, will not grow quiet, for a fortnight to come.

However, the rooms and two bedrooms are now in a partially civilised state ; the broken Furniture is mostly mended ; I have my old writing-table again (here) *firm* as Atlas ; a large wainscoted drawing-room (which is to be my study) with the "red carpet" tightly spread on it ; my Books all safe in Presses ; the Belisarius Picture right in front of me over the mantelpiece (most suitable to its new wainscot lodging), and my beloved *Segretario Ambulante* right behind, with the two old Italian engravings, and others that I value less, dispersed around ; and so, opposite the middle of my three windows, with little but huge Scotch elm-trees looking in on one, and in

¹ Much tossed.

the distance an ivied House, and a sunshiny sky bursting out from genial rain, I sit here already very much at home, and impart to my dear and true brother a thankfulness which he is sure to share in. We have indeed very much reason to be thankful every way.

• With the House we are all highly pleased, and, I think, the better, the longer we know it hitherto. I know not if you ever were at Chelsea, especially at Old Chelsea, of which this is a portion. It stretches from Battersea Bridge (a queer wooden structure, where they charge you a half-penny) along the bank of the River, Westward a little way; and Eastward (which is our side) some quarter of a mile, forming a "Cheyne Walk" (pronounced *Chäynie* walk) of really grand old brick mansions, dating perhaps from Charles II.'s time ("Don Saltero's Coffeeshouse" of the *Taller* is still fresh and brisk among them), with flagged pavement; carriage way between two rows of stubborn looking high old pollarded trees; and then the River, with its varied small craft, fast moving or safe-moored, and the wholesome smell (among the breezes) of *sea tar*. Cheyne Row (or Great Cheyne Row, when we wish to be grand) runs up at right angles from this, has some twenty Houses of the same fashion; Upper Cheyne Row (where Hunt lives) turning *again* at right angles, some stone-cast from this door.

Frontwards we have the outlook I have described already (or if we shove out our head, the River is disclosed some hundred paces to the left); backwards, from the ground floor, our own gardenkin (which I with new garden-tools am actively re-trimming every morning), and, from all other floors, nothing but leafy clumps, and green fields, and red high-peaked roofs glimmering through them: a most clear, pleasant prospect, in these fresh westerly airs! Of London nothing visible but Westminster Abbey and the topmost dome of St. Paul's; other faint ghosts of spires (one other at least) disclose themselves, as the smoke-clouds shift; but I have not yet made out what they are. At night we are pure and silent, almost as at Puttock; and the gas-light shimmer of the great Babylon hangs stretched from side to side of our horizon. To Buckingham Gate it is thirty-two minutes of my

walking (Allan Cunningham's door about half-way); nearly the very same to Hyde-Park Corner, to which latter point we have omnibuses every quarter of an hour (they say) that carry you to the White-horse Cellar, or even to Coventry Street for sixpence; calling for you at the very threshold. Nothing was ever so discrepant in my experience as the Craigen-puttock-silence of this House, and then the world-hubbub of London and its people into which a few minutes brings you: I feel as if a day spent between the two must be the epitome of a month. . . .

The rent is £35; which really seems £10 cheaper than such a house could be had for in Dumfries or Annan. The secret is our old friend, "Gigmanity": Chelsea is unfashionable; it is also reported unhealthy. The former quality we rather like (for our neighbours still are all polite-living people); the latter we do not in the faintest degree believe in, remembering that Chelsea was once considered the "London Montpelier," and knowing that in these matters now as formerly the Cockneys "know nothing," only rush in masses blindly and sheep-wise. Our worst fault is the want of a good free *rustic* walk, like Kensington Gardens, which are above a mile off; however, we have the "College" or Hospital grounds, with their withered old pensioners; we have open carriage ways, and lanes, and really a very pretty route to Piccadilly (different from the omnibus route) through the new Grosvenor edifices, Eaton Square, Belgrave Place, etc. I have also walked to Westminster Hall by Vauxhall, Bridge-End, Millbank, etc.; but the road is squalid, confused, dusty and detestable, and happily *need* not be returned to. To conclude, we are here on *literary* classical ground, as Hunt is continually ready to declare and unfold: not a stone-cast from this House Smollett wrote his *Count Fathom* (the house is ruined and we happily do not see it); hardly a stone-cast off, old More entertained Erasmus; to say nothing of Bolingbroke St. John, of Paradise Row and the Count de Grammont, for in truth we care almost nothing for them.

On the whole we are exceedingly content so far; and have reason to be so. I add only that our furniture came

with wonderfully *little* breakage, and for less than £20, Annan included; that Jane sold all her odd things to Nanny Macqueen on really fair terms; and that we find new furniture of all sorts exceedingly cheap here, and have already got what we need, or nearly so, for less than our own old good, brought us on the spot. . . .

There is now a word to be said on Economics, and the Commissariat Department. Book selling is still at its lowest ebb; yet on the whole *better* than I expected to find it. Fraser is the only craftsman I have yet seen: he talks still of *loss* by his Magazine; and I think will not willingly employ me much, were I never so ready, at the old rate of writing. He seems a well-intentioned creature; I can really pity him in the place he occupies. I went yesterday with a project of a series of articles on French Revolution matters, chiefly to be translated from *Mémoires*: but he could not take them, at my rate, or indeed at almost any rate; for he spoke of £10 a sheet as quite a *ransom*. He has got my name (such as it is), and can do better without me. However, he will cheerfully print (for "half-profits," that is, *zero*) a projected Book of mine on the French Revolution; to which accordingly, if no new thing occur, I shall probably very soon with all my heart address myself in full purpose to do *my best*, and put my name to it. The *Diamond Necklace* Paper his Boy got from me, by appointment, this morning; to be examined whether it *will* make a Book; as an *Article* I shall perhaps hardly think of giving it to him. For, you are to understand, that Radical Review of Mill's, after seeming to be quite abandoned, has now a far fairer chance of getting started: a Sir W. Molesworth, a young man whom I have seen at Buller's and liked, offers to furnish all the money himself (and can do it, being very rich.) and to take no further hand in it, once a manager that will please Mill is found for it. Mill is to be here to-morrow evening: I think I must appoint some meeting with Molesworth, and give him my whole views of it, and express my readiness to take a most hearty hold of it; having the prospect of right companions; none yet but Mill, and Buller, and such as we may further approve of and add. It seems likely something may come of this. In any other

case, Periodical Authorship, like all other forms of it, seems *done* in the economical sense. I think of quite abandoning it; of writing my Book; and then, with such name as it may give me, starting some new course, or courses, to make honest wages by. A poor Fanny Wright (whom we are to hear to-night in Freemason's Hall) goes lecturing over the whole world: before eight, I will engage to lecture twice as well; being, as Glen once said, with great violence, to me, "the *more* gigantic spirit of the two."

On the whole I fear nothing. There are funds here already to keep us going above a year, independently of all incomings; before that we may have seen into much, tried much, and succeeded somewhat. "God's providence they cannot hinder thee of": that is the thing I always repeat to myself, or know without repeating. . . .

God bless you, dear Brother!

T. CARLYLE

Jane Welsh Carlyle to T. Carlyle, Esq., Scotsbrig ♡ ♡

Tuesday, September 23, 1845

"NOTHINK" for you to-day in the shape of inclosure, unless I inclose a letter from Mrs. Paulet to myself, which you will find as "entertaining" to the full as any of mine. And *nothink* to be told either, except all about the play; and upon my honour, I do not feel as if I had a penny-a-liner genius enough, this cold morning, to make much entertainment out of that. Enough to clasp one's hands, and exclaim, like Helen before the Virgin and Child, "Oh, how expensive!" But "how did the creatures get through it?" Too well; and not well enough! The public theatre, scenes painted by Stanfield, costumes "rather exquisite," together with the certain amount of proficiency in the amateurs, overlaid all idea of private theatricals; and, considering it as public theatricals, the acting was "most insipid," not one performer among them that could be called good, and none that could be called absolutely bad. Douglas Jerrold seemed to me the best, the oddity of his appearance greatly helping him; he played Stephen the Cull,

Forster as Kitley, and Dickens as Captain Bobadil, were much on a par; but Forster preserved his identity, even through his loftiest flights of Macreadyism, while poor little Dickens, all painted in black and red, and affecting the voice of a man of six feet, would have been unrecognisable to the mother that bore him! On the whole, to get up the smallest interest in the thing, one needed to be always reminding oneself: "all these actors were once men!"¹ and will be men again to-morrow morning. The greatest wonder for me was how they had contrived to get together some six or seven hundred ladies and gentlemen (judging from the clothes) at this season of the year: and all utterly unknown to me, except some half-dozen.

So long as I kept my seat in the dress circle I recognised only Mrs. Macready (in one of the four private boxes), and in my nearer neighbourhood Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon. But in the interval betwixt the play and the farce I took a notion to make my way to Mrs. Macready. John, of course, declared the thing "clearly impossible, no use trying it;" but a servant of the theatre, overhearing our debate, politely offered to escort me where I wished; and then John, having no longer any difficulties to surmount, followed, to have his share in what advantages might accrue from the change. Passing through a long dim passage, I came on a tall man leant to the wall, with his head touching the ceiling like a caryatid, to all appearance asleep, or resolutely trying it under the most unfavourable circumstances. "Alfred Tennyson!" I exclaimed in joyful surprise. "Well!" said he, taking the hand I held out to him, and forgetting to let it go again. "I did not know you were in town," said I. "I should like to know who you are," said he; "I know that I know you, but I cannot tell your name." And I had actually to name myself to him. Then he woke up in good earnest, and said he had been meaning to come to Chelsea. "But Carlyle is in Scotland," I told him with humility. "So I heard from Spedding already, but I asked Spedding, would he go with me to see Mrs. Carlyle?"

¹ Speech of a very young Wedgwood at a Woolwich review: "Ah, papa, all these soldiers were once men."—T. C.

and he said he would." I told him if he really meant to come, he had better not wait for backing, under the present circumstances; and then pursued my way back to the Macreadys' box; where I was received by William (whom I had not divined) with a "Gracious heavens!" and spontaneous dramatic start, which made me all but answer, "Gracious heavens!" and start dramatically in my turn. And then I was kissed all round by his women; and poor Nell Gwyn, Mrs. M—— G—— seemed almost pushed by the general enthusiasm on the distracted idea of kissing me also!

They would not let me return to my stupid place, but put in a third chair in front of their box; "and the latter end of that woman was better than the beginning." Macready was in perfect ecstasies over the "Life of Schiller," spoke of it with tears in his eyes. As "a sign of the times," I may mention that in the box opposite sat the Duke of Devonshire, with Payne Collier! Next to us were D'Orsay and "Milady!"

Between eleven and twelve it was all over—and the practical result? Eight-and-sixpence for a fly, and a headache for twenty-four hours! I went to bed as wearied as a little woman could be, and dreamt that I was plunging through a quagmire seeking some herbs which were to save the life of Mrs. Maurice; and that Maurice was waiting at home for them in an agony of impatience while I could not get out of the mud-water!

Craik arrived next evening (Sunday), to make his compliments. Helen had gone to visit numbers,¹ John was smoking in the kitchen. I was lying on the sofa, headachey, leaving Craik to put himself to the chief expenditure of wind, when a cab drove up. Mr. Strachey? No. Alfred Tennyson alone! Actually, by a superhuman effort of volition he had put himself into a cab, nay, brought himself away from a dinner party, and was there to smoke and talk with me!—by myself—me! But no such blessedness was in store for him. Craik prosed, and John babbled for his entertainment; and I, whom he had come to see, got scarcely any speech with him. The exertion, however, of having to provide him with tea, through my

¹ No. 5, or the like, denoting maid-servants there.—T. C.

own unassisted ingenuity (Helen being gone for the evening) drove away my headache ; also perhaps a little feminine vanity at having inspired such a man with the energy to take a cab on his own responsibility, and to throw himself on providence for getting away again ! He stayed till eleven, Craik sitting him out, as he sat out Lady H——, and would sit out the Virgin Mary should he find her here.

What with these unfortunate mattresses (a work of necessity) and other processes almost equally indispensable, I have my hands full, and feel “worried,” which is worse. I fancy my earthquake begins to “come it rather strong” for John’s comfort and ease, but I cannot help that ; if I do not get on with my work, such as it is, what am I here for ?—Yours,
J. C.

V

THE TRAVELLERS

The Rev. Sydney Smith describes his adventures to his daughter ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

December 11, 1835

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Few are the adventures of a Canon travelling gently over good roads to his benefice. In my way to Reading, I had, for my companion, the Mayor of Bristol when I preached that sermon in favour of the Catholics. He recognised me, and we did very well together. I was terribly afraid that he would stop at the same inn, and that I should have the delight of his society for the evening; but he (thank God!) stopped at the Crown, as a loyal man, and I, as a rude one, went on to the Bear. Civil waiters, wax candles, and off again the next morning, with my friend and Sir W. W——, a very shrewd, clever, coarse, entertaining man, with whom I skirmished *à l'aimable* all the way to Bath. At Bath, candles still more waxen, and waiters still more profound. Being, since my travels, very much gallicised in my character, I ordered a pint of claret; I found it incomparably the best wine I ever tasted; it disappeared with a rapidity which surprises me even at this distance of time. The next morning, in the coach by eight, with a handsome valetudinarian lady, upon whom the coach produced the same effect as a steam-packet would do. I proposed weak warm brandy and water; she thought, at first, it would produce inflammation of the stomach, but presently requested to have it warm and *not* weak, and she took it to the last drop, as I did the claret. All well here. God bless you, dearest child! Love to Holland.

SYDNEY SMITH ~

Oliver Goldsmith instructs his Uncle Contarine in Dutch
manners o o o o o o o

LEYDEN [1754]

DEAR SIR,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, Sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden ; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Some time after the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bordéaux, on board a Scotch ship called the *St. Andrews*, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-on-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open : enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed ; and puts all under king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence ; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear Sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt ; for if it were once known at the University, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour ; the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland. I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam ; whence I travelled by land to Leyden ; and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking,

yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprises me more than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe ; passes through them with as much inattention as his *valet de chambre* ; and consequently not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times ; he in everything imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat laced with black ribbon : no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches ; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite ? Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace : for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, Sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coles in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats ; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe.

I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion, by drawing his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition.

The one pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy : the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour

to deprive either country of its share of beauty ; but must say, that of all objects on earth, an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze ; you may go to the Italian Comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the credulity of the persons of the Drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. It was not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, Sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice ; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements.

They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can hardly accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient : they sail in covered boats drawn by horses ; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty ; wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves ; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here ; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. Their hills and rocks intercept every prospect : here 'tis

all continued plain. There you might see a well dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means taught here so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted,) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madame Diallyon's at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

John Keats describes Winchester

WINCHESTER, *September 22, 1819*

MY DEAR REYNOLDS,—I was very glad to hear from Woodhouse that you would meet in the country. I hope you will pass some pleasant time together. Which I wish to make pleasanter by a brace of letters, very highly to be estimated, as really I have had very bad luck with this sort of game this season. I "kepen in solitarinesse," for Brown has gone a-visiting. I am surprised myself at the pleasure I live alone in. I can give you no news of the place here, or any other idea of it but what I have to this effect written to George.

Yesterday I say to him was a grand day for Winchester.

They elected a Mayor. It was indeed high time the place should receive some sort of excitement.

There was nothing going on: all asleep: not an old maid's sedan returning from a card-party: and if any old women got tipsy at Christenings, they did not expose it in the streets. The first night tho' of our arrival here there was a slight uproar took place at about ten o' the Clock.

We heard distinctly a noise patting down the High

Street as of a walking cane of the good old Dowager breed; and a little minute after we heard a less voice observe, "What a noise the ferril made—it must be loose."

Brown wanted to call the constables, but I observed it was only a little breeze, and would soon pass over.

The side streets here are excessively maiden-ladylike: the door-steps always fresh from the flannel.

The knockers have a staid, serious, nay almost awful quietness about them. I never saw so quiet a collection of Lions' and Rams' heads.

The doors are most part black, with a little brass handle just above the keyhole, so that in Winchester a man may very quietly shut himself out of his own house. How beautiful the season is now—How fine the air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies—I never liked stubble-field so much as now—Aye better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble-field looks warm—in the same way that some pictures look warm.

This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it. I hope you are better employed than in gaping after weather. I have been at different times so happy as not to know what weather it was—No, I will not copy a parcel of verses.

I always somehow associate Chatterton with autumn. He is the purest writer in the English Language. He has no French idiom or particles, like Chaucer—'tis genuine English Idiom in English words.

I have given up *Hyperion*—there were too many Miltonic inversions in it—Miltonic verse cannot be written, but in an artful, or rather, artist's humour.

I wish to give myself up to other sensations. English ought to be kept up. It may be interesting to you to pick out some lines from *Hyperion*, and put a mark + to the false beauty proceeding from art, and one || to the true voice of feeling.

Upon my soul 'twas imagination—I cannot make the distinction—Every now and then there is a Miltonic intonation—But I cannot make the division properly. . . .

I shall beg leave to have a third opinion in the first discussion you have with Woodhouse—just half-way, between

both. You know I will not give up my argument—In my walk to-day I stoop'd under a railing that lay across my path, and asked myself, "Why I did not get over?" "Because," answered I, "no one wanted to force you under."

I would give a guinea to be a reasonable man—good sound sense—a says what he thinks and does what he says man—and did not take snuff. They say men near death, however mad they may have been, come to their senses. I hope I shall here, in this letter; there is a decent space to be very sensible in; many a good proverb has been in less—nay, I have heard of the statutes at large being changed into the statutes at small and printed for a watch paper. Your sisters, by this time, must have got the Devonshire "ees"—short ees, you know 'em—they are the prettiest ees in the language. O, how I admire the middle-sized, delicate, Devonshire girls of about fifteen. There was one at an inn door holding a quartern of brandy—the very thought of her kept me warm a whole stage—and a sixteen-miler too. "You'll pardon me for being jocular."—Ever your affectionate friend,

JOHN KEATS

Lord Byron informs Mr. Hodgson of his daily routine <

LISBON, July 16, 1809

THUS far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, etc.,—which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming *Book of Travels*, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

I am very happy here, because I love oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own, and I goes into society (with my pocket pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go

a-pleasuring. When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say "Carracho!"—the great oath of the Grandees, that very well supplies the place of "Damme!"—and when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him "Ambra di merdo." With these two phrases and a third, "Avra bourro," which signifies, "Get an ass," I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we live that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, anything is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage, as far as it has gone.

To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats, and capital crimes, and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—"Suave, mari magno, etc." Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea. Adieu.—Yours faithfully etc.

Shelley in the Coliseum



(To Thomas Love Peacock)

NAPLES, *December 22, 1818*

SINCE I last wrote to you, I have seen the ruins of Rome, the Vatican, St. Peter's, and all the miracles of ancient and modern art, contained in that majestic city. The impression of it exceeds anything I have experienced in my travels. We stayed there only a week, intending to return at the end of February, and devote two or three months to its mines of inexhaustible contemplation, to which period I refer you for a minute account of it. We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day.

The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and arches built of massy stones are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries ; the copse-wood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains ; it is exquisitely light and beautiful, and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day.

Near it is the Arch of Constantine, or rather the Arch of Trajan ; for the servile and avaricious senate of degraded Rome ordered that the monument of his predecessor should be demolished in order to dedicate one to the Christian reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all

within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar and cypress and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion.

Shelley numbers the inhabitants of Lord Byron's
menagerie ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

RAVENNA, August 1821

MY DEAR PEACOCK,—I received your last letter just as I was setting off from the Bagni on a visit to Lord Byron at this place. Many thanks for all your kind attention to my accursed affairs. I am happy to tell you that my income is satisfactorily arranged, although Horace Smith having received it, and being still on his slow

journey through France, I cannot send you, as I wished to have done, the amount of my debt immediately, but must defer it till I see him or till my September quarter, which is now very near. I am very much obliged to you for your way of talking about it—but of course, if I cannot do you any good, I will not permit you to be a sufferer by me.

I have sent by the Gisbornes a copy of the *Elegy on Keats*. The subject, I know, will not please you; but the composition of the poetry, and the taste in which it is written, I do not think bad. You and the enlightened public will judge. Lord Byron is in excellent cue both of health and spirits. He has got rid of all those melancholy and degrading habits which he indulged at Venice. He lives with a lady of rank here, to whom he is attached, and who is attached to him, and is in every respect an altered man. He has written three more cantos of "Don Juan." I have yet only heard the fifth, and I think that every word of it is pregnant with immortality. I have not seen his late plays, except "Marino Falieri," which is very well, but not so transcendently fine as the "Don Juan." Lord Byron gets up at *two*. I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die, like Southey's sea-snake in "Kehama," at 12. After breakfast we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; we then come home and dine, and sit up gossiping till six in the morning. I don't suppose this will kill me in a week or fortnight, but I shall not try it longer. Lord B.'s establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were the masters of it. Lord B. thinks you wrote a pamphlet signed "John Bull"; he says he knew it by the style resembling "Melincourt," of which he is a great admirer. I read it, and assured him that it could not possibly be yours. I write nothing, and probably shall write no more. It offends me to see my name classed among those who have no name. If I cannot be something better, I had rather

be nothing, and the accursed cause, to the downfall of which I dedicate what powers I may have had, flourishes like a cedar and covers England with its boughs. My motive was never the infirm desire of fame; and if I should continue an author, I feel that I should desire it. This cup is justly given to one only of an age; indeed, participation would make it worthless: and unfortunate they who seek it and find it not.

I congratulate you—I hope I ought to do so—on your expected stranger. He is introduced into a rough world. My regards to Hogg, and Co[ul]son if you see him.—Ever most faithfully yours,
P. B. S.

After I have sealed my letter, I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circean Palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two guinea hens, and an Egyptian crane. I wonder who all these animals were before they were changed into these shapes.

Thomas Gray extols Kent ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

(To the Rev. Norton Nicholls)

PEMBROKE HALL, *August 26, 1766*

DEAR SIR,—It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life, one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean), till it was too late. (It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.) Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but

I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. Pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure, which commonly one only sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches some long, winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation; in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but, no matter! you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I went to Margate for a day; one would think it was Bartholomew Fair that had *flown* down from Smithfield to Kent in the London Machine, like my Lady Stuffdamask (to be sure you have read the *New Bath Guide*, the most fashionable of books); so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate, because it belonged to my Lord Holland, but to Ramsgate I did; and so to Sandwich, and Deal, and Dover, and Folkestone, and Hythe, all along the coast, very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men and women and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again, very disconsolate, and all alone, even Mr. Brown is gone; and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; I do not mean children. You, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley with Mr. Aislaby, singing duets with my cousin Fanny, improving with Mr. Weddell, conversing with Mr. Harry Duncornb. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember how we are to go into Wales next year? Well!—Adieu, I am sincerely yours, T. G.

P.S.—Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his

new situation? Is Lord Lisburne as good as his letters were? What is come of the father and brother? Have you seen Mason?

Jane Welsh Carlyle to Thomas Carlyle

o o o

August 5, 1852

YOU recollect, dear, that Macready told me of two routes, recommending that by Frome as the quickest and least fatiguing; so I rendered myself at the Paddington station on Friday morning, with my night things in a bag on one arm and my "blessed" ¹ in a basket on the other. He gave me no trouble, kept himself hidden and motionless till the train started, and then looked out cautiously, as much as to say, "Are we safe?" The journey to Frome was quite a rest after that morning's work (carrying down all the books from the top landing-place into the back parlour), and I descended from the train quite fresh for the thirty miles by coach.

But when I inquired about the coach to Sherborne, I was told there was none. "A coach passing through Sherborne passed through Frome without coming to the station at eleven in the morning," three hours before the time we were at; "no other since many months back." My first thought was, "What a mercy you were not with me!" my next that the Macreadys could not blame me for keeping them waiting; and then I "considered," like the piper's cow, and resolved not to stay all day and night at Frome, but to take a Yeovil coach, which started at five, and which could take me, I was told, to a wayside inn within eight miles of Sherborne, and there I hoped to find a fly "or something." Meanwhile I would proceed to the town of Frome, a mile from the station, and get something to eat, and even to drink, "feeling it my duty" to keep my heart up by all needful appliances. I left my little bag at the station, where the coach came, and set my dog quite free, and we pursued our way as calmly and naturally as if we had known where we were going.

Frome is a dull, dirty-looking place, full of plumbers.

¹ Dog Nero.

I saw several inns, and chose "The George" for its name's sake. I walked in and asked to have some cold meat and a pint bottle of Guinness's porter. They showed me to an ill-aired parlour, and brought me some cold lamb that the flies had been buzzing round for a week—even Nero disdained to touch it. I ate bread, however, and drank all the porter; and "the cha-arge"¹ for that feeble refectation was 2s. 6d. ! Already I had paid one pound eight and sixpence for the train. It was going to be a most unexpectedly costly journey to me. But for that reflection I could almost have laughed at my forlorn position there.

The inn and town were "so disagreeable" that I went presently back to the station, preferring to wait there. One of the men who had informed me about the coach came to me, as I was sitting on a bench, and remarked on the beauty of the scene, especially of some scarlet beans that were growing in his own piece of garden. "Ah," he said, "I have lived in London, and I have lived abroad; I have been here and there, backwards and forwards, while I was in service with them as never could rest; but I am satisfied now, that the only contentment for man is in growing his own VEGETABLE!" "Look at them beans," he said again. "Well, to-morrow they'll be ready, and I'll be pulling them, and boiling them, and eating them—and such a taste! No agriculture like that in Piccadilly!" Then he looked sympathisingly at me and said, "I'm going to get you something you'll like, and that's a glass of cool, fresh, clear water;" and he went away with a jug to his garden and fetched some water from a little spring well and a great handful of mignonette. "There! there's something sweet for you, and here's splendid water, that you won't find the like of in Piccadilly!" I asked him "how it was going with Mr. Bennett?" "Huh, I hear no complaints, but I goes to neither one nor other of them, and follows my own notions.

¹ In my first voyage to London (1824, by Leith smack) a certain very rustic-looking, but polite and quiet old baronet, called Sir David Milne slept in the same cabin with me; and there and on deck was an amusing study. Courteous, solemn, yet awkward, dull; chewing away the when he spoke, which indeed was seldom, and then mainly in the way of economic inquiry to passengers who knew London—what you could do there, see, eat, etc.; and to every item, the farther question: "And what is the cha-arge (charge)?"—T. C.

I find agriculture the thing ! ” He would have been worth a hundred pounds to Dickens, that man.

I had the coach all to myself for awhile ; then a young gentleman got in, who did exactly the right thing by me, neither spoke to me nor looked at me till we stopped at Castle Carey (Yeovil is pronounced Youghal, Carey Carry. I grew quite frightened that I had been somehow transported into Ireland). There the young gentleman went into the inn, and said to me first, “ Excuse the liberty I take in asking, but would you take anything—a little wine and water ? ” I thought that very polite ; but I was to meet with “ something more exquisite still ” before I got to Sherborne. At the “ Sparkford ” Inn, eight miles from Sherborne, I got out and asked, had they a fly ? “ Yes, but one of its wheels was broken, and it was gone to be mended ! ” “ Had they any other conveyance that was whole—a gig or cart ? ” “ Yes, they had a nice little gig, and I should have the loan of a cloak to keep me warm ” (the evening was rather chill). So I went in, and sat down in a parlour ; where the old gentleman was finishing off with bread-and-cheese. He soon made himself master of my case, and decided he was not going back to Sherborne that night, as ~~he~~ ^{he} would have taken me in his carriage ; and ~~proposed~~ ^{he} offered something else, more practical, viz., to try to recover my parasol (my mother’s, the one she bought with the sovereign you gave her,¹ and which I had got new covered), left stupidly on the roof of the coach, and never recollected till the coach, with its four horses, had thundered past the window ! If the landlady would tell the coachman about it next day, and get it there, he, the old gentleman, would bring it to Sherborne House. I went into the lobby to tell the landlady, some five or eight minutes after the coach had started, and told her, in presence of a gentleman, who was preparing to start in a barouche with two horses. He looked hard at me, but said nothing ; and a minute or two after I saw him drive past the window. Some twenty minutes after, I started myself, in a little gig, with a brisk little horse, and silent driver. Nothing could be

¹ A sovereign to each of them, on returning home with a pocketful from my “ first lecture.” Ah, me !—T. C.

more pleasant than so pirling through quiet roads, in the dusk, with the moon coming out. I felt as if I were reading about myself in a Miss Austen novel. But it got beyond Miss Austen when, at the end of some three miles, before a sort of carrier's inn, the gentleman of the barouchette stepped into the middle of the road, making a sort of military signal to my driver, which he repeated with impatience when the man did not at once draw up! I sat confounded, expecting what he would do next. We had halted; the gentleman came to my side, and said, exactly as in a book: "Madam, I have the happiness of informing you that I have reclaimed your parasol; and it lies here in my carriage ready to be restored!" "But how on earth?" I asked. "Madam, I judged that it would be more pleasing for you to take the parasol along with yourself than to trust to its being brought by the other gentleman; so I gist galloped my horses, overtook the coach as it was leaving this court, reclaimed the parasol, and have waited here, knowing you could take no other road to Sherborne, for the happiness of presenting it to you!"—"To an o-n-e!"—"Bring the parasol!" It was brought, and handed to me. And then I found myself making a speech in the same style, caught by the infection of the thing. "Well, Sir, this day has been full of mischances for me, but it is a regard the recovery of my parasol so unexpectedly as a good omen, and have a confidence that I shall now reach my destination in safety. Accept my thanks, though it is impossible to give any adequate expression to my sense of your courtesy!" I never certainly made so long and formal a speech in my life. And how I came to make it anything like it I can't imagine, unless it were under mesmerism! We bowed to each other like first cousins of Sir Charles Grandison, and I purred on. "Do you know that gentleman?" I asked my driver. "Never saw him before."

I found Sherborne House without difficulty; and a stately, beautiful house it was, and a kind welcome it had for me. The mistake had been discovered in the morning, and great anxiety felt all day as to my fate. I was wonderfully little tired, and able to make them all (her too) laugh with my adventures. But I must positively

interrupt this penny-a-lining, and go to bed. It is true to the letter, all I have told.

My two days at Sherborne House were as happy as could possibly be with that fearfully emaciated, dying woman before my eyes. They were all doing their best to be cheerful—herself as cheerful as the others. She never spoke of her death, except in taking leave of me; when she took my head in her hand and kissed it, and gave me her solemn blessing, and asked me to come again with you, to see William and the children, when she should be gone. That was a dreadful trial of my composure. I am so glad I went, it pleased her and all of them so much!

The journey back by Dorchester went all right, and was less expensive, for I came by the second-class, and so saved the nine shillings my gig had cost me. It was a weary long way, however, from a quarter before nine till half after seven flying along in one shape or other, with only ten minutes' delay (at Southam^{ton}). My only adventure on the road back was falling in with a young unfortunate female in the Chelsea boat, the strangest compound of angel and devil I ever set eyes on, and whom, had I been a great, rich lady, I should decidedly have—brought home to tea with me and tried to *save*. The helpless thought that I had nothing to offset *Save* instead alone prevented me. I could not leave her however without speaking to her, and my words were so moving, through my own emotion, that she rushed from me in tears to the other side of the vessel. You may feel a certain curiosity to know what I said. I only recollect something about "her mother, alive or dead, and her evident superiority to the life she was leading." She said, "Do you think so, ma'am?" with a look of bitter wretchedness and forced gaiety that I shall never forget. She was trying to smile defiantly, when she burst into tears and ran away.

I made a frantic appeal to the workmen the other day, since when we have been getting on a little more briskly. The spokesman of them, a dashing young man, whom you have not seen, answered me: "My dear (!) madam, you must have patience, indeed you must; it will be all done—some day!" The weather is most lovely. *Mon-sieur le Thermomètre* pretty generally at 70°.

My health continues wonderfully good. To-day I dine at the Brookfields', for what poor Helen used to call "a fine change."—Ever yours affectionately, JANE W. C.

The Rev. T. E. Brown describes the Jungfrau  

(To Mrs. Williamson)

October 18, 1874

OUR three weeks in Switzerland were consummate. No rain, no wind, a perpetual bath of sunshine, hot of course, but at those heights deliciously bracing and stimulating; sunshine that got into your brain and heart, and set you all aglow with a sweet radiant fire I never thought possible for my old jaded *apparatus physicus*. We went by Paris to Neufchatel; thence to Berne, Thun, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnⁿ, Mürren. Here we stayed a week. It was the best part of our holiday; a week never, never to be forgotten.

Mürren faces the Jungfrau. This glorious creature is your one object of interest from morning to night. It seems so near that you could fancy a stone might be thrown across to it. Between her and it is a broad valley: but so deep, and with sides so precipitous, that it is entirely out of sight. So the Jungfrau *vis-à-vis*-es you frankly through the bright sweet intervening air. And then she has such moods; such unutterable smiles, such inscrutable sulks, such growls of rage suppressed, such thunder of avalanches, such crowns of stars. One evening our sunset was the real rose pink you have heard of so much. It fades, you know, into a deathlike chalk-white. That is the most awful thing. A sort of spasm seems to come over her face, and in an instant she is a corpse, rigid, and oh, so cold! Well, so she died, and you felt as if a great soul had ebbed away into the Heaven of Heavens: and thankful, but very sad, I went up to my room. I was reading by candle-light, for it gets dark immediately after sunset, when A. shrieked to me to come to the window. What a Resurrection—so gentle, so tender—like that sonnet of Milton's about his dead wife returning in vision! The

moon had risen ; and there was the Jungfrau—oh chaste, oh blessed saint in glory everlasting ! Then all the elemental spirits that haunt crevasses, and hover around peaks, all the patient powers that bear up the rock buttresses, and labour to sustain great slopes, all streams, and drifts, and flowers, and vapours, made a symphony, a time most solemn and rapturous. It was there, unheard perhaps, unheard, I will not deny it ; but there, nevertheless. A young Swiss felt it, and with exquisite delicacy feeling his way, as it were, to some expression, however inadequate, he played a sonata of Schumann, and one or two of the songs, such as the *Frühlingsnacht*. Forgive my rhapsody : but, you know, you don't get those things twice. And let me say just one word of what followed. The abyss below was a pot of boiling blackness, and on to this, and down into this, and all over this, the moonlight fell as meal falls on to porridge from nimbly sifting fingers. Moon-meal ! that was it.

I climbed the Schilthorn one day before breakfast ; it is about 10,000 feet ; but, as a rule, I didn't like to leave A. alone ; so that my climbing was of the most limited, and I scarcely got on to ice at all. At Mürren, perhaps more than anywhere else, we had the most astounding richness of pasture. But Switzerland, generally, is in this respect unique. So lush is the vegetation, that it is almost impossible to get up into bare savagery of desolation.

The sweet bright Flora baffles you ; she springs like a bacchante from height to height. You can't get above her. I don't mean fat, fulsome richness ; but the pastures are so velvety, so parsemèd with all imaginable colours. The grass seems to be all flowers, and the flowers to be all grass : the closest-grained math I ever beheld ; and through it everywhere, led by careful hands, go singing, hissing, rather like sharp silver scythes, the little blessed streams. I was not prepared for this.

We got to Chamounix and went up the Flégère, and A. was like a roe upon the mountains ; and every care and every strain of anxiety and bother was wiped from off our souls, and we were both, as we once were, young and full of hope and love. Age and the love shall remain, God wot, but the other things—all right ! all right !

William Blake to Thomas Butts o o o o

(An extract)

FELPHAM, *November 22, 1802* "

AND now let me finish with assuring you that, though I have been very unhappy, I am so no longer. I am again emerged into the light of day ; I still and shall to eternity embrace Christianity, and adore Him who is the express image of God ; but I have travelled through perils and darkness not unlike a champion. I have conquered, and shall go on conquering. Nothing can withstand the fury of my course among the stars of God and in the abysses of the accuser.

VI

THE MEN OF ACTION

Charles Napier longs for peace ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

BERMUDAS, 1813

MOTHER, DEAREST MOTHER,—Would to God I was rid of this vagabond life of a felon. Peace! peace! when shall we have peace?

April 20th.—Now for your Christmas letter. A year's pay to have seen aunt dance—the idea is delightful. God bless her. Oh! my wish is to be dancing with those I love, or beating them, or anything so as to be living with you, and to pitch my sword where it ought to be—with the devil! Henry says, if it were so the wish would come to have it back; but my craving for rest is such that twenty years would hardly serve to satisfy me, and that is probably ten more than I am likely to live—a soldier now-a-days is old at forty. I could get on with a duck, a chicken, a turkey, a horse, a pig, a cat, a cow and a wife, in a very contented way; why! gardening has become so interesting to me here, as to force me to give it up, lest neglect of business should follow: it is a kind of madness, with me. Gardening from morning to night should be my occupation if there was any one to command the regiment, it won't let me think of anything else. So hang the garden, and the sweet red and blue birds that swarm around: and hang dame Nature for making me love such things, and women's company, more than the sublime pleasure of cutting people's throats, and teaching young men to do so.

Henry is wrong. I would not be tired of home. My fondness for a quiet life would never let me desire to roam in search of adventures. A few centuries back I should have been a hermit, making free however with the rules of the order, by taking a wife instead of a staff: one cross-grained thing is as good as another. It is certain

that a civil life would give me one thing which a military life would not—that is I should never, my own blessed mother, get tired of the power of living with you: that would make up for all the affliction and regret of not murdering my neighbours; of living an exile, with the interesting anxiety of believing those I love suffer even to death, while imagination amuses itself with castles for months before it can be known what is their fate. How shocking to give up such delights for the painfulness of peace and quiet, and a beloved society. Be assured, it will not be easy to persuade me of that; and quit the army with joy will I, when the power to do so is mine: but my luck will not go so far. God bless you all not forgetting little *Mongey* [a tame mongoose brought from the East by his brother Henry] that is if he has a soul to be saved, but I see him bristling his tail at St. Peter.

May.—What a cursed life is a soldier's, no object, no end, without *appui* for head or heart, unless that unnatural one of military fame, which to a British soldier is so trifling that it is not worth gaining. A captain who wins the government of a country by his victories may sit down in peace, and have an interesting pursuit for the rest of his life, but war, eternal war, is horrible.

A belligerent changes his mind ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡

DEAR SIR,—I write to tell you that I shall not take the remaining ten of my dozen boxing lessons with you. My reason for taking your course was, as I told you, because I have been promised a thrashing by Mr. — when he catches me. I have come to the conclusion that I would rather have his than yours. I cannot thank you for the pains you have taken, because I did all the taking, didn't I?—Yours,

Abraham Cann, the Devonshire wrestler, challenges
Polkinghorne, the Cornishman ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡

POLKINGHORNE, I will take off my stockings and play bare-legged with you, and you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes you like that can be

made of leather in the county of Cornwall, and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the arm pits, to any extent not exceeding the size of a Cornish peck of wool; and I will further engage not to kick you, if you do not kick me.

Captain Nelson tells Collingwood of his hopes and fears
with regard to the French ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

"CAPTAIN"—LEGHORN ROADS, *August 1, 1796*

MY DEAR COLL.,—The Viceroy tells me that you are at Fiorenzo; therefore I take my chance of this finding you. My date makes me think I am almost at Leghorn; soon I hope to be there in reality. Except 1700 poor devils, all are gone to join the army. Sometimes I hope, at others despair of getting these starved Leghornese to cut the throats of the French crew.

What an idea for a Christian! I hope there is a great latitude for us in the next world.

This blockade is complete, and we lie very snug in the North Road, as smooth as in a harbour.

I have this moment received information that the post from Naples, which arrived to-day, has brought accounts that the truce with Naples finishes, and hostilities commence to-morrow. Pray God it may be so. With a most sincere wish for driving the French to the devil, your good health, an honourable peace, us safe at home again, I conclude by assuring you, my dear Collingwood, of my unalterable friendship and regard, and that I am, in the fullest sense of the words, yours most truly,

HORATIO NELSON

Lord Nelson anticipates to Collingwood the battle of
Trafalgar ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

October 9, 1805

I SEND you Captain Blackwood's letter: and as I hope Weazle has joined, he will have five frigates and a brig. They surely cannot escape us. I wish we could get a fine day. I send you my plan of attack, as far as

a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in ; but, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll. have no little jealousies : we have only one great object in view,—that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you : and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend

NELSON AND BRONTË

Lord Collingwood thanks the Duke of Clarence for ennobling him and tells him of Nelson's death

“ QUEEN,” OFF CARTHAGENA

December 12, 1805

I CANNOT express how great my gratitude is to your Royal Highness, for the high honour which you have done me by your letter, congratulating me on the success of His Majesty's fleet against his enemies.

This instance of condescension, and mark of your Royal Highness's kindness to one of the most humble, but one of the most faithful of His Majesty's servants is deeply engraved in my heart. I shall ever consider it as a great happiness to have merited your Royal Highness's approbation, of which the sword which you have presented to me is a testimony so highly honourable to me ; for which I beg your Royal Highness will accept my best thanks, and the assurance that, whenever His Majesty's service demands it, I will endeavour to use it in support of our country's honour, and to the advancement of His Majesty's glory.

The loss which your Royal Highness and myself have sustained in the death of Lord Nelson can only be estimated by those who had the happiness of sharing his friendship.

He had all the qualities that adorn the human heart, and a head which, by its quickness for perception and depth of penetration, qualified him for the highest offices of his profession. But why am I making these

observations to your Royal Highness, who knew him ? Because I cannot speak of him but to do him honour.

Your Royal Highness desires to know the particular circumstances of his death. I have seen Captain Hardy but for a few minutes since, and understood from him, that at the time the *Victory* was very closely engaged in rather a crowd of ships, and that Lord Nelson was commanding some ship that was conducted much to his satisfaction, when a musket-ball struck him on the left breast. Captain Hardy took hold of him to support him, when he smiled, and said, " Hardy, I believe they have done it at last."

He was carried below ; and when the ship was disengaged from the crowd, he sent an officer to inform me that he was wounded. I asked the officer if his wound was dangerous. He hesitated ; then said he hoped it was not ; but I saw the fate of my friend in his eye ; for his look told what his tongue could not utter. About an hour after, when the action was over, Captain Hardy brought me the melancholy account of his death. He inquired frequently how the battle went, and expressed joy when the enemy were striking ; in his last moments shewing an anxiety for the glory of his country, though regardless of what related to his own person.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your Royal Highness's most obedient and most humble servant.

Sir William Napier tells Lady Hester Stanhope the story of his life • o o o o o o o

FRESHFORD, *March* 1839

DEAR, DEAR LADY HESTER,—I wish from the bottom of my worn-out heart that I could once more see and talk to you, the friend of my youth, when I was full of hope and care, little for the frowns and pains of the world. I too could tell of many things that would be strange, strange as belonging to that England which you and I once thought we knew, a proud and generous nation. It is not so now. Gold is an Englishman's god—gold and ostentation of gold ; for this they live and die. Generous sentiments are scarce, magnanimous actions

scarcer. Napoleon was cast to perish on a rock under brutal insult ; you, the niece of Mr. Pitt, are subject to the persecutions of Lord Palmerston. Yet we are on the eve of great and terrible changes—I fear not for the better, because gold is still the moving power. But there are powerful passions excited. The working men of England, driven by long oppression to violence are arming universally ; and as they have bad leaders blood will flow without utility.

You demand a history of me and mine. It is painful to relate ; to me painful. My old mother died long ago, she was eighty-four. Two of my sisters live, one unmarried ; the other has been for years married to Sir Henry Bunbury. His first wife was my wife's sister, his second my own sister ; he has four sons by his first marriage, none by his second.

My eldest brother Charles has been married twice ; he has two very young children, girls. It was he you heard from in the Ionian Isles, where he has by his talent, activity, and good government, and the great public works he carried on, left a good name that will not be suffered to die away by the Greeks. His numerous wounds, seven and very severe, have not impaired his activity or whitened his head. This month he takes the command of the northern district of England ; it is a fearful command at this time, but he is modelled after your men of the *far East*. His book would entertain you much ; it is full of painful interest also, for he writes well and acts well ; nevertheless, I believe that it is not his book that you have heard of, but my book ; of that hereafter.

My second brother George has lost his arm ; like a brave man he lost it on the top of the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812. He married a Scotch lady, and has three sons and two daughters, the youngest about 18 ; his wife died after the birth of the last child, and he, with a steadiness of sorrow and principle not common, devoted himself to the education of his children. He and Charles are generals and Knights of the Bath, and George is Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Two of his sons are with him. His policy is to protect the Caffres from the gold-seeking rapacity of the English and Dutch settlers.

He has a hard task, but his soul is honest and his heart true and firm as steel, and he has withal a good head.

Richard did not pursue the law. He married a widow, a very clever and beautiful person; his pursuits and his wife's are alike; they have both great talent, great learning, have high and warm imaginations, delighting in poetry and noble writing, and he is by nature a poet himself; yet their particular pursuit, strange to say, is political economy, and I think it is not unlikely he may some day publish a book on that subject.

Henry, the youngest of us, is a post captain of the navy. He married his cousin. He was rich, happy, and his wife good, affectionate, and one of the most lovely of God's creatures. Alas! she died suddenly about two years ago, leaving him with four children, a broken-hearted, miserable man. He devoted himself to his children; their mother was thirty when she died. He has written a History of Florence, but it is not yet published.

What now shall I tell you? My own tale? I like it not, yet I will tell it to you and truly; but first permit me to join to my brother's history that of our cousin Charles, "Black Charles," they call him. He is not a brother, but I claim a place for him because he is a great man, though a strange one. A life of daring and enterprise in our navy as a captain created him a name which attracted the Portuguese Emperor Don Pedro's attention. Black Charles was offered the command of his fleet; he accepted it, and in one action, against the most overpowering advantages on the enemy's side, decided the fate of Portugal. He is now going out in command of the *Powerful*, 74, to the Levant, and you may perhaps hear of him again; a rough black diamond, but a sure hand in war. Thus you see that we have not let our name sink in the world, and yet we have been honest, and what has been a sore stumbling block in our way, independent: always opposed to the powers that be, and yet able to force our way to notice though not to riches. I would willingly dwell longer upon his exploits, but they must have reached you even on Mount Lebanon.

Now again for myself. Why did you ask me? I must rip up old sorrows and probe wounds that have never

healed. I am a broken man ; broken, though not ben , —the world has failed to do that ; and I can still make my enemies beware of treading on me. But I will tell you all truly ; I have played my part and continue to do so in the world.

It has been in my power to raise a civil war, and it may be so again, but I abhor such a proceeding. Yet I am courted and feared without reason ; for sorrow and pain, continual sorrow and continual pain, have almost if not quite unsettled my reason ; at least I am conscious that I had another mind once. I do not think I was married when you left England ; my wife was the daughter of Charles Fox. She lives to take care of me when I want care, and she is a person capable of great things ; fortitude and judgment, and energy mental and bodily, she possesses in an extraordinary degree. When I married I was sanguine and confident that I could go far in the world. Secretly I thought God had given me the head and heart of a warrior, and my body was then of iron. Well ! I won my spurs honourably, Three decorations and two steps of rank I gained in the field of battle. Wellington gave them to me ; and I am a Companion of the Bath,—no great thing ; but I could have safely rested my claim upon the testimony of my soldiers. Ah ! those soldiers, the few that are now living are poor and miserable, for England despises her former defenders. My regiment, the 43rd, was one of the three regiments that formed the Light Division, always in contact with the enemy ; those three regiments were avowedly the best that England ever had under arms ; this is no idle boast ; war was better known, the art more advanced, under Napoleon than in any age of the world before, and the French veterans, those victors of a thousand battles, never could stand an instant before my gallant men. Curse on the liars, the cowardly calumniators, who have told you that Irishmen are cowards ! they are equal to the English in bravery, superior to them in hardihood of sufferance and in devotion to their officers in the hour of trouble ; and they are superior to the Scotch in everything, and yet there are very good soldiers among the Scotch ; I like them not, but I will not belie them.

Was not mine a fair stand for distinction? Peace came, and I am a colonel still! I had no money; and younger officers, some of them bad, were ready to purchase over my head; others were thrust without money over me. I had gained the brevet rank, but I could not gain the regimental rank; the first was to be got on the field, and I got it; the second was to be got by money or favour, and I had neither, so I went on half-pay, and tried to still the gnawing of the worm by occupation of a different kind. I painted in oils, and was elected a member of the Royal Academy. I modelled in clay, and Chantrey, the first of modern sculptors, proposed and got me elected as sculptor in the Savant's Club, called the Athenæum. But the worm gnawed still. I wrote reviews, and I was successful: my first was to defend Sir John Moore. To you I need not speak of that great and heroic man, nor of his wrongs. Southey wrote a history of the Peninsular War; it was smooth and clear in style, but nerveless as the author's mind, except where his political rancour broke out to destroy Sir John Moore's reputation and to calumniate the French Army. For the latter I cared only as it was disgraceful to my country to malign a brave though vanquished enemy; but for the first I felt as you would have felt. I was going to write a commentary, but I soon saw that to beat the false history I must write a true one; the task was formidable, but I have done it; I have beaten the calumniator and established my History in the world's good opinion. I have done more; without yielding one jot of England's glory, I have by just and fair admission of the prowess of France obtained the public assent of the French Generals to the truth of my relation; I have thus solved the difficult problem of recording the defeats of a vain, proud, fiery, and learned people, without losing their approbation; I have obtained their testimony to the glory of the British arms, and thus placed the latter upon a rock. Many enemies in England I have created by this: I should have doubted the value of my work if it had not been so. Truth must be offensive to many. But I have also many supporters, because truth is powerful; and though my History wants one volume still to complete it, the first five volumes have been already

translated into French, into Spanish in South America, and reprinted in North America; it is also translated, or being translated, into Italian and German; I have been elected a member of Military Sciences in Sweden.

My English enemies are virulent and numerous, but I have met them all, and hitherto triumphed, and I will meet them as long as I can speak, write, or pull a trigger. I like not republicanism: I desire to see men of all classes as God designed them to be, free in thought and unabashed in mien, but virtuous and obedient to the just institutions of society. I do not spurn at kings and nobles, but I like not that they should spurn me. Would that we had a great man! Changes are at hand; the masses are in movement, but there is none to guide them, and they will clash for mischief.

I am well pleased to do some good, but what can a man do who dare not encounter a shower of rain lest he should lose the use of his limbs for six months? Where is Wellington at this crisis? you will say. Alas! he is great by the head, not by the heart, and that is only half the greatness required. He is of commanding intellect, commanding courage, commanding honesty: but he despises the people, has too many prejudices opposed to their feelings, and they hate and fear him. He cannot work with them because he will not work for them. The rest are nothing. I have, as I have told you, great influence with the people, but it will not last; I can do evil, but not much good; I know well what to oppose, but not what to assist, for there is much evil striving on all sides, and my worn-out body will not allow me to engage in anything requiring exertion of limb. Do not mistake me or imagine that I mistake myself. I do not suppose myself a great man, but I have certain talents and knowledge which have given me a power in the present conjuncture that might be turned to good or bad if I had bodily strength, and I have it not. Well! enough of this matter.

I strive to put off the tale of my sorrows as long as possible. I have had ten children; seven still live, six girls and a boy, but he is deaf and dumb. Three girls died—the first young, very young; it was written; I wept for her, and so it ended. The next died at five

years old. She was also deaf and dumb, and that caused her death. I will not tell you how ; I cannot ; but twelve years ago she died, and I have not been as I should be since. Should I tell you how more than human her beauty was, and how exquisite her intelligence, notwithstanding her deafness, you would not believe me, but though I am at times insane I am not doting. Six years after her death my eldest child was torn from me by consumption ; she was fair and joyous as the day, tall and beautiful, strong of heart, and clear of head ; yet a few short months sufficed to send her at the age of eighteen from the admiration of the world, to her grave. I would tell you more about my dear children, only I cannot. I have seven still. . . .

Lord Chatham, *the* Lord Chatham's Correspondence is being published by his grand-nephews, Captain Pringle of the Guards and his brother. Two volumes are out, but as yet there is not much interest attached to them, so I suppose the valuable papers are reserved for the other volumes ; when I say interest, I mean proportionably to the man's fame, for there is curious reading in them. Pringle I have had some dealings with, and I think, judging from his correspondence (for I have not seen him) there is a vein of the good Pitt blood running through him. Your men of the East are, I believe, superior individually to the men of the West, but each man stalks through the world like a lion ; they do not herd together, nor work together, and like lions they live and die and are forgotten. The horse is a better animal than the lion. You love the brute creation, and so do I, and I love you that you do love them. The brute is of the same essence as man—an essence, however, more restricted, confined by the inferior organisation of their bodies, therefore more condensed and honest. What are we of human species ? Angels or devils, or a compound of both ? There must be, I think, two governing principles, God and demon, and we partake of both. This doctrine is Eastern, and I think it more reasonable than any other.

I wonder whether you will like my History ? It is no whining affair. There is much in it that you would not

like, but nothing I think that would lessen your friendship for me ; you might be angry, but you would not cease to be my friend, and surely there is nothing that you could say or do, however passionate at the moment, that would hinder me from being your friend, esteeming and reverencing you as much as I do now and ever have done. The time I passed with you at Mr. Pitt's home at Putney, and the few short hasty periods in which [I had] the happiness of being received by you after his death (for me at least they were few, too few, and too short), are among the moments of my past life remembered most vividly and fondly.

This letter runs on. How shall I send it to you ? I think I shall be able to transmit it officially, for I have still some friends at court who can separate the politician from the man.


Do not start at my consideration for your pocket ; you live in the East, but I live in England where money is the great god ; I hate their god—but I worship sometimes lest my impiety should be observed and punished. Yes, I think of money. Is not poverty despised, wronged, insulted ? and shall I not tremble lest my good, my innocent, my beautiful girls, and my helpless boy, should be consigned to such horrors ? My life is not worth a year's purchase ; who shall protect them after my death if they be poor ? For their sakes I live ; for their sakes I gather money by my labours ; and for them I keep it as well as my nature will allow me. Ah ! you are a living example of the generosity of Englishmen towards helpless women.

Your nephew, Lord Mahon, is an author, and in his book sneered at mine, went out of his way to say that it was the best French history of the war ; this he thought smart, but I replied I had always thought the doing justice to [a] vanquished enemy was thoroughly English until my Lord Mahon assured me it was wholly French. Was I right ? I tell you this that you may know me ; I am not changed in feeling or sentiment, but you should know what I have said or done that might offend you, or I should be going to you under false colours.

Much do I like your Beni Omayya, if they be truly heroic ;

but beauty and courage are only gifts, not virtues. Are they compassionate? Are they just? Are they mild or cruel to their vanquished foes? Are they gentle or harsh to women and children? Do they admit women to have their rights? Do they govern them by their affections or by their fears? Do they make chattels of their persons, and kill them in their tyrannical jealousy? If they do they are not heroes for me. Women are gentle, and should be free human beings, and the peculiar guardians of children, the most helpless and the most beautiful of God's creation; there can be no virtue, no generosity, where they are oppressed. I know nothing so degrading to England, as the treatment of women and children. There is a factory system grown up in England since you left it, the most horrible that the imagination can conceive. Factories they are called, but they are in reality *hells*, where hundreds of children are killed yearly in protracted torture, and that cotton lords may extract gold from their bones, and marrow, and blood. Patience! patience! There will be a day of reckoning for all things; it approaches. Farewell, dear Lady Hester. God knows whether I shall ever hear from you or write to you again, but never believe that I have not a true and deep feeling for you. W. NAPIER

April 10th.—I have delayed sending this letter for a fortnight, partly to obtain a surer mode of conveyance; in which I have succeeded through my friend Lord Fitzroy-Somerset, a true Tory of your school, that is to say, an upright honest man, and a thorough gentleman, both in his private and public proceedings. Principally, however, I have waited to procure some information for you about the estates and persons you mentioned in your letter.

Lieutenant-Commander *Sakuma Tsutomu*, of the Japanese navy, describes the sinking of his submarine! 

May 19, 1910

ALTHOUGH there is, indeed, no excuse to make for the sinking of his Imperial Majesty's boat and for the doing away of subordinates through my heedlessness,

¹ From a translation in the "Standard."

all on the boat have discharged their duties well, and in everything acted calmly until death. Although we are departing in pursuance of our duty to the State, the only regret we have is due to anxiety lest the men of the world may misunderstand the matter, and that thereby a blow may be given to the future development of submarines. Gentlemen, we hope you will be increasingly diligent without misunderstanding [the cause of this accident], and that you will devote your full strength to investigate everything, and so ensure the future development of submarines. If this is done, we shall have nothing to regret.

While going through gasoline submarine exercise we submerged too far, and, when we attempted to shut the sluice valve, the chain in the meantime gave way. Then we tried to close the sluice valve by hand, but it was then too late, the rear part being full of water, and the boat sank at an angle of about 25 degrees.

1. The boat rested at an incline of about 13 degrees, pointing towards the stern.

2. The switchboard being under water, the electric lights gave out. Offensive gas developed, and respiration became difficult.

At about 10 a.m. on the 15th the boat sank, and under this offensive gas we endeavoured to expel the water with a hand pump.

At the same time as the vessel was being submerged, we expelled the water from the main tank. The light having gone out the gauge cannot be seen, but we know that the water has been expelled from the main tank. We cannot use the electric current entirely. The electric liquid is overflowing, but no salt water has entered, and chlorine gas has not developed. We only rely upon the hand pump now.

The above has been written under the light of the conning tower, when it was 11.45 o'clock. We are now soaked by the water that has made its way in. Our clothes are very wet and we feel cold.

I had always been used to warn my shipmates that their behaviour (on an emergency) should be calm and delicate while brave, otherwise we could not hope for development and progress, and that, at the same time,

one should not cultivate excessive delicacy, lest work should be retarded. People may be tempted to ridicule this after this failure, but I am perfectly confident that my previous words have not been mistaken.

- The depth gauge of the conning tower indicates 52, and, despite the endeavour to expel the water, the pump stopped and did not work after twelve o'clock.

The depth in this neighbourhood being ten fathoms, the reading may be correct.

The officers and men of submarines must be appointed from the most distinguished among the distinguished, or there will be annoyance in cases like this. Happily all the members of this crew have discharged their duties well, and I feel satisfied.

I have always expected death whenever I left my home, and therefore my will is already in the drawer at Karasaki. (This remark refers only to my private affairs, and it is not necessary. Messrs. Taguchi and Asami, please inform my father of this.)

I beg respectfully to say to his Majesty that I respectfully request that none of the families left by my subordinates shall suffer. The only matter I am anxious about now is this.

- Please convey my compliments to the following gentlemen (the order may not be proper):—Minister Saito, Vice-Admiral Shimamura, Vice-Admiral Fujii, Rear-Admiral Nawa, Rear-Admiral Yamashita, Rear-Admiral Narita. (Atmospheric pressure is increasing, and I feel as if my tympanum were breaking.) Captain Oguri, Captain Ide, Commander Matsumura (Junichi), Captain Matsumura (Riu), Commander Matsumura (Kiku), my elder brother, Captain Funakoshi, Instructor Narita Kotaro, Instructor Ikuta Kokinji.

12.30 o'clock / respiration is extraordinarily difficult.

I mean I am breathing gasoline. I am intoxicated with gasoline.

Captain Nakano.¹

- It is 12.40 o'clock.

¹ This is the name of another officer to whom the dying officer desired to be remembered.

Abraham Lincoln comforts a mother o o o

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON
November 21, 1864

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been shown in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.—Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lady Pelham informs Sir John Pelham of the siege of Pevensey Castle. The first letter extant by an English woman (spelling modernised) o o o o

[1399]

MY DEAR LORD,—I recommend me to your high lordship, with heart and body and all my poor might. And with all this I thank you as my dear Lord, dearest and best beloved of all earthly lords. I say for me, and thank you, my dear Lord, with all this that I said before of [for] your comfortable letter that you sent me from Pontefract, that came to me on Mary Magdalen's day: for by my troth I was never so glad as when I heard by your letter that ye were strong enough with the Grace of God, for to keep you from the malice of your enemies. And, dear Lord, if it like to your high Lordship that as soon as ye might that I might hear of your gracious speed, which God Almighty continue and increase. And,

my dear Lord, if it like you to know *my* fare, I am here laid by in a manner of a siege with the County of Sussex, Surrey, and a great parcel of Kent, so that I may not [go] out nor no victuals get me, but with much hazard. Wherefore, my dear, if it like you by the advice of your wise counsel for to set remedy of the salvation of your castle and withstand the malice of the shires aforesaid. And also that ye be fully informed of the great malice-workers in these shires which have so despitefully wrought to you, and to your castle, to your men and to your tenants; for this country have they wasted for a great while.

Farewell, my dear Lord! the Holy Trinity keep you from your enemies, and soon send me good tidings of you. Written at Pevensey, in the castle, on St. Jacob's day last past, by your own poor

J. PELHAM

To my true Lord.

VII

RURAL FELICITY

Edward FitzGerald with Nero and a Nightingale o o

April 28, 1839

MY DEAR ALLEN,—Some one from this house is going to London : and I will try and write you some lines now in half an hour before dinner : I am going out for the evening to my old lady who teaches me the names of the stars, and other chaste information. You see, Master John Allen, that if I do not come to London (and I have no thought of going yet) and you will not write, there is likely to be an end of our communication not by the way that I am never to go to London again : but not just yet. Here I live with tolerable content perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what if one were properly grateful one would perhaps call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious sunshiny day : all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at full length on a bench in the garden ; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off.

A funny mixture all this : Nero, and the delicacy of Spring : all very human, however. Then at half-past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese : then a ride over hill and dale : then spudding up some weeds from the grass : and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease : but this happens to be a jolly day : one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it. . . .

Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street.

So he has lost a little child : and moreover has been sorry to do so.

Well, good-bye, my dear John Allen : Auld Lang Syne
My kind regards to your Lady.

Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes :
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

Geldestone Hall, Beccles

E. F. G.

Mr. Gray describes his rural felicity ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

(To Horace Walpole)

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you ; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination ; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing ; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices ; mountains it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff ; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverent vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds.

And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
In murmur'ing sounds, the dark decrees of fate ;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats ME I (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sporting squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Florace, aloud too, that is, talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September 1737

William Cowper in at the death

o o o o

(To Lady Hesketh)

THE LODGE, March 3, 1788

ONE day, last week, Mrs. Unwin and I, having taken our morning walk and returning homeward through the wilderness, met the Throckmortons.

A minute after we had met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance, and mounting the broad stump of an elm which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them.

They were all at that time in our orchard; presently we heard a terrier, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets within a few yards of us at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the wilderness, the hounds entered also; and when we arrived at the gate which opens into the grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled.

The huntsman dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him : a conclusion which I suppose he drew from their profound silence.

• He was accordingly admitted, and with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and dogs had taken, though he had never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon produced dead reynard, and rejoined us in the grove with all his dogs about him.

Having an opportunity to see a ceremony, which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention.

The huntsman having by the aid of a pitchfork lodged reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard ; and the hounds assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted ; cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds ;—one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and drawing down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left. He was instantly obeyed, when, throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, “ tear him to pieces ” —at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has of its own accord presented me with.

“ I have been in at the death of a fox, and you now know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England.—Yours,

W. C.

Edward Gibbon meditates farming

October 6, 1771

DEAR HOLROYD,—I sit down to answer your epistle, after taking a very pleasant ride.—A ride! and upon what?—upon a horse.

You lie!—I don't.—I have got a droll little pony, and intend to renew the long-forgotten practice of equitation, as it was known in the world before the second of ~~June~~ of the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three.

As I used to reason against riding so I can now argue for it; and indeed the principal use I know in human reason is, when called upon, to furnish arguments for what we have an inclination to do.

What do you mean by presuming to affirm that I am of no use here? Farmer Gibbon of no use?

Last week I sold all my hops, and I believe well, at nine guineas a hundred, to a very responsible man.

Some people think I might have got more at Weyhill fair, but that would have been an additional expense, and a great uncertainty.

Our quantity has disappointed us very much; but I think, that besides hops for the family, there will be not less than 500 l.;—no contemptible sum off thirteen small acres, and two of them planted last year only.

This week I let a little farm in Petersfield by auction, and propose raising it from 25 l. to 35 l. *per annum*:—and Farmer Gibbon of no use!

To be serious: I have but one reason for resisting your invitation and my own wishes; that is, I left Mrs. Gibbon alone nearly all last winter, and shall do the same this.

She submits very cheerfully to that state of solitude; but, on sounding her, I am convinced that she would think it unkind were I to leave her at present.

I know you so well, that I am sure you will acquiesce in this reason; and let me make my next visit to Sheffield-Place from town, which I think may be a little before Christmas.

I should like to hear something of the precise time, duration, and extent of your intended tour into Bucks.—
Adieu.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne describes his happiness at
Coxwoud ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

COXWOULD, *June 7, 1767*

DEAR L—E,—I had not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the seal of friendship, and most cordially do I thank you for so kind a proof of your good will—I was truly thankful to hear of the recovery of my sentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unless I could have sent her the testimony without the tax, for even howd'yes to invalids, or those who have lately been so, either call to mind what is past or what may return—at least I find it so.

I am as happy as a prince at Coxwoud—and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty; I sit down alone to venison, fish, wild-fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds and strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table—and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard,—and not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me.

If solitude would cure a love-sick heart, I would give you an invitation—but absence and time lessen no attachment which virtue inspires.

I am in high spirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long-tailed horses—they turn out good ones; as to myself, I think I am better on the whole for the medicines and regimen I submitted in town.

May you, dear L—, want neither the one nor the other!—Yours truly.

Sir John Dalrymple details his luck o o o o

(To Admiral Dalrymple)

CRANSTON, *January 1, 1772*•

MY DEAR SIR,—Your shirts are safe. I have made many attempts upon them; but Bess, who has in honesty what she wants in temper, keeps them in safety for you.

You ask me what I have been doing? To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows.

Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves.

I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer: but now that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again, that it cost me to take them down.

I thought it would give a magnificent air to the old hall, to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle from the over-size of the room; upon which, I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 *per cent*.

Remembering, with a pleasing complacency, the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pig. My wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, called Lord Adam Gordon, who distrained them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more : she learned the way to market for their produce ; and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

I made a fine hay-stack ; but quarreled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay, and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire ; by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

I kept no plough ; for which I thank my Maker ; because then I must have wrote this Letter from a gaol.

I paid twenty pounds for a dunghill, because I was told it was a good thing ; and, now, I would give anybody twenty shillings to tell me what to do with it.

I built, and stocked a pigeon-house ; but the cats watched below, the hawks hovered above ; and pigeon-soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon-pie, have I never seen since.

I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house ; but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house ; by which I can get no water for my victuals.

I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm. But when I went to take off the ground, he laughed, said he had choused the Lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for breach of bargains, which I could not perform.

I fattened black cattle and sheep ; but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy, we ate them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits.

I bought two score of six-year old wethers for my own table ; but a butcher, who rented one of the fields, put my mark upon his own carrion sheep ; by which I have been living upon carrion all the summer.

I brewed much beer ; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong.

I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M'Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would

go on an errand after the sun was set, for fear of M'Alister, which obliged me to send off one set of my servants. Soon after the housekeeper, your old friend Mrs. Brown, died, aged 90 ; and then the belief ran, that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it.

In one thing only I have succeeded. I have quarreled with all my neighbours ; so that, with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk alone like a lion in a desert.

I thought I should have been happy with my servants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me. But they paid me no rent ; and in a few days I shall have above one half of the very few friends I have in the country in a prison.

Such being the pleasures of a country life, I intend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where, I am happy to hear, we are to meet. But I am infinitely happier to hear that Mrs. Dalrymple is doing so well. May God preserve her long to you ! for she is a fine creature.

Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a Letter from Bess, that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found Madam in perfect good health.—Yours, always, my dear Jack,

JOHN DALRYMPLE .

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Edward FitzGerald replies at once o o o o

GELDESTONE HALL, *September 9, 1834*

DEAR ALLEN,—I have really nothing to say, and I am ashamed to be sending this third letter all the way from here to Pembrokeshire for no earthly purpose: but I have just received yours: and you will know how very welcome all your letters are to me when you see how the perusal of this one has excited me to such an instant reply. It has indeed been a long time coming: but it is all the more delicious. Perhaps you can't imagine how wistfully I have looked for it: how, after a walk, my eyes have turned to the table, on coming into the room, to see it. Sometimes I have been tempted to be angry with you: but then I thought I was sure you would come a hundred miles to serve me, though you were too lazy to sit down to a letter. I suppose that people who are engaged in serious ways of life, and are of well filled minds, don't think much about the interchange of letters with any anxiety: but I am an idle fellow, of a very ladylike turn of sentiment: and my friendships are more like loves, I think. Your letter found me reading the "Merry Wives of Windsor" too: I had been laughing aloud to myself: think what another coat of happiness came over my former good mood. You are a dear good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul.

The truth is I was anxious about this letter, as I really did not know whether you were married or not—or ill—I fancied you might be anything, or anywhere. . . .

As to reading I have not done much. I am going through the *Spectator*: which people think nowadays a poor book: but I honour it much.

What a noble kind of Journal it was! There is certainly

a good deal of what may be called "*pill*" but there is a great deal of wisdom, I believe, only it is couched so simply that people can't believe it to be real absolute wisdom.

The little book you speak of I will order and buy. *I heard from Thackeray, who is just upon the point of going to France ; indeed, he may be there by this time. I shall miss him much. . . .

Farewell, my dearest fellow.

You have made me very happy to hear from you : and to know that all is so well with you.

Believe me to be your ever affectionate friend, ✓

E. FITZGERALD

Dr. Johnson makes Miss Susannah Thrale happy

About July 5, 1783

DEAREST MISS BUSY,—When you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures either of peril or delight, nor done nor suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish, happy or miserable ; if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly ; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account ; and of work unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much ; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what you are reading, and with what you are pleased ; and shall take great

delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions. A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to your etc.

Lord Collingwood writes to Lady Collingwood of his weariness of the sea and the education of their children *o* *o*

OCEAN, June 16, 1806

THIS day, my love, is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish you many happy returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I can enjoy—after this life of labour, to retire to peace and quietness is all I look for in the world. Should we decide to change the place of our dwelling, our route would of course be to the southward of Morpeth; but then I should be for ever regretting those beautiful views, which are nowhere to be exceeded; and even the rattling of that old waggon that used to pass our door at 6 o'clock in a winter's morning had its charms. The fact is, whenever I think how I am to be happy again, my thoughts carry me back to Morpeth, where, out of the fuss and parade of the world, surrounded by those I loved most dearly and who loved me, I enjoyed as much happiness as my nature is capable of. Many things that I see in the world give me a distaste for the finery of it. The great knaves are not like those poor unfortunates, who, driven perhaps to distress from accidents which they could not prevent, or at least not educated in principles of honour and honesty, are changed for some little thievery; while a knave of education and high breeding, who brandishes his honour in the eyes of the world, would rob a state to its ruin. For the first, I feel pity and compassion; for the latter, abhorrence and contempt: they are the tenfold vicious. Have you read—but what I am more interested about, is your sister with you, and is she well and happy? Tell

her—God bless her!—I wish I were with you that we might have a good laugh. God bless me! I have scarcely laughed these three years. I am here, with a very reduced force, having been obliged to make detachments to all quarters. This leaves me weak, while the Spaniards and French within are daily gaining strength. They have patched and pieced until they have now a very considerable fleet. Whether they will venture out I do not know; if they come, I have no doubt we shall do an excellent deed, and then I will bring them to England myself.

How do the dear girls go on? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining: it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaching to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other.

Their education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of everything that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time; but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds, if they should acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls gain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the Author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind. I do not mean that they should be Stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings that the flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen.

Tell me how do the trees which I planted thrive? Is there shade under the oaks for a comfortable summer seat? Do the poplars grow at the walk, and does the wall of the terrace stand firm? My bankers tell me that all my money in their hands is exhausted by fees on the peerage, and that I am in their debt, which is a new epoch in my life, for it is the first time I was ever in debt since I was a midshipman. Here I get nothing; but then my expenses are nothing, and I do not want it, particularly now that I have got my knives, forks, teapot, and other things you were so kind as to send me.

Charles Lamb loses an old friend ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

COLEBROOKE ROW, ISLINGTON
Saturday, January 20, 1827

DEAR ROBINSON,—I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week, such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution! Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the

pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that—"in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;" and seemed to console himself in the reflection! His jokes, for he had his jokes, are now ended, but they were old trusty perennials, and were always as good as new. One song he had, which was reserved for the night of Christmas-day, which we always spent in the Temple. It was an old thing, and spoke of the flat bottoms of our foes and the possibility of their coming over in darkness, and alluded to threats of an invasion many years blown over; and when he came to the part

"We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and *Brussels Gazette*!"

his eyes would sparkle as with the freshness of an impending event. And what is the *Brussels Gazette* now? I cry while I enumerate these trifles. "How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear?" His poor good girls will now have to receive their afflicted mother in an inaccessible hovel in an obscure village in Herts, where they have been long struggling to make a school without effect; and poor deaf Richard—and the more helpless for being so—is thrown on the wide world.

My first motive in writing, and, indeed, in calling on you, was to ask if you were enough acquainted with any of the Benchers, to lay a plain statement before them of the circumstances of the family. I almost fear not, for you are of another hall. But if you can oblige me and my poor friend, who is now insensible to any favours, pray exert yourself. You cannot say too much good of poor Norris and his poor wife.—Yours ever,

CHARLES LAMB

DEAR, LOVE.
Very good com,
character of the woman
so that I may say I am dead
more than I die for you.—You

III

ST. JAMES.

Sept.

MADAM,—It is the hardest thing in the
in love and yet to attend to business. All
all who speake to me find me out, and I must lock
up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman ask
me this morning what news from Lisbon, and I answer'd
she's exquisitely handsome. Another desir'd to know
when I had been last at Hampton Court, I reply'd 'twill
be on Tuesday come se'nnight. Prithce allow me at least
to kisse your hand before that day, that my mind may be
in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who would live to live without thee?

Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language
on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what
disinterested passion, I am ever yours, RICHD. STEELE

[*Steele and his Prue were married on September 9, 1707.*]

IV

March 11, 1708-9

DEAR PRUE,—I enclose five guineas, but can't come
home to dinner. Dear little woman, take care of
thyself, and eat and drink cheerfully.

RICHD. STEELE

V

Dec. 23

MY DEAR,—I shall not come home to dinner, but
I have fixed everything; and received money for
present uses. I desire, my dear, that you have nothing
else to do but to be a darling; the way to which is to be

alone of my
most obedient,
RICHARD STEELE

Sept. 30, 1710
sleepy and tired, but it could
my eyes till I had told you I am,
most affectionate and faithful
RICHARD STEELE
alone in the morning.

VII

July 15, 1712
DEAR PRUE,—I thank you for your kind billet.
The nurse shall have money this week. I saw your
son Dick, but he is a peevish chit. You cannot conceive
how pleased I am that I shall have the prettiest house to
receive the prettiest woman who is the darling of
RICHARD STEELE

VIII

HAMPTON COURT
Thursday, Noon, Sep. 17, 1712
DEAREST WIFE,—The finest woman in nature
should not detain me an hour from you, but you
must sometimes suffer the rivalry of the wisest men.
Lord Halifax and Sommers leave this place after dinner
and I go to Watford to speak with the Solicitor General,
and from thence come directly to Bloomsbury Square.—
Yours faithfully,
RICHARD STEELE

IX

March 28, 1713
DEAR PRUE,—I will do every thing you desire your
own way.—Yours ever,
RICHARD STEELE

John Sterling bids his friend farewell

August 10, 1844
MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many
months it seems possible to send you a few words;
merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On

higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to You and Me I cannot begin to write, having nothing for it but to keep shut the lids of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

Your wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

JOHN STERLING

Jeremy Taylor tells John Evelyn of the death of a little son

July 19, 1656

DEARE SIR,—I am in some little disorder by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoyces in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sigh, and long to be as safe as he is. . . .

Jeremy Taylor wishes John Evelyn well

September 15, 1656

SIR,—I pray God continue your health and his blessings to you and your deare lady and pretty babies; for which I am daily obliged to pray, and to use all opportunities by which I can signify that I am, deare Sir, your most affectionate and endeared servant,

JER. TAYLOR

IX

HUMOUR AND ODDITIES

A Welsh gentleman obtains a situation for his son in the
East India House o o o o o

(To the Honourable Board of Directors of the
East India Co.)

GENTLEMEN,—I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. I had intended my eldest son for the Church, but I find he is more likely to kick a church down than support it. I sent him to the University, but he could not submit himself to the college rules, and, on being reproved by his tutors, he took it up in the light of an affair of honour, and threatened to call them to account for it. All my plans for his welfare being thus disconcerted, I asked him if he had formed any for himself; he replied he meant to go to India. I then inquired if he had any interest, at which question he looked somewhat foolish, and replied in the negative. Now, gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me. I therefore may appear to you not much wiser than my son. I can only say that he is of Welsh extraction for many generations, and, as my first-born, I flatter myself, has not degenerated. He is six feet high; of an athletic make, and bold and intrepid as a lion. If you like to see him I will equip him as a gentleman, and, I am, Gentlemen, etc.

Shelley (at school) prepares a firm of publishers for the
worst o o o o o

(To Longman & Co.)

ETON COLLEGE, *May 7, 1809*

GENTLEMEN,—It is my intention to complete and publish a Romance, of which I have already written a large portion, before the end of July. My object in

writing it was not pecuniary, as I am independent, being the heir of a gentleman of large fortune in the county of Sussex, and prosecuting my studies as an Oppidan at Eton; from the many leisure hours I have, I have taken an opportunity of indulging my favourite propensity in writing. Should it produce any pecuniary advantages, so much the better for me, I do not expect it. If you would be so kind as to answer this, direct it to me at the Rev. George Bethell's. Might I likewise request the favour of secrecy until the Romance is published.—I am, your very humble servant,
 PERCY SHELLEY

Be so good as to tell me whether I shall send you the original manuscript when I have completed it or one corrected, etc.

W. M. Thackeray thanks a friend for two geese < >

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, December 27, 18—

DEAR CARTER,—I should be an ungrateful wretch if I didn't tell you that the geese were excellent. The servants polished theirs entirely off; and ours was admired and appreciated by everybody who partook thereof. I carved it, and I need not say some of the best slices of the bosom were appropriated to yours gratefully.
 W. M. THACKERAY

[Here a drawing of geese on a common]

HYMN THE FIRST

The housewives of a former age
 Were wont to stuff a Goose with sage.
 You put the Bird to nobler use,
 Carter! and stuff a Sage with goose.

HYMN THE SECOND

"Lawk, Miss Anny, Lawk, Miss Minny!" thus cries Gray the cook,
 "Two such beautiful geese is come! Only come and look!
 "Lor, how plump and brown they'll be! Lor, how plump and juicy!
 - Well, of hall things I declare I do love a goosey!

'Two fat geese, how genteel! Only think of this, miss!
Don't they come convenient for the dinner at Crissmiss!'

"One shall be for the Servants' 'All, and one for the parlour
arter,
And I never shall see a goose again, without thinking of Mr
Carter."

"That I won't," says Mrs. Gray the cook, with her duty, and the
best compliments of the season.
And the same she hopes *next year*.

[*Here a boy standing on his head, with "Turnt over" -
written beneath*]

On second thoughts, and in allusion to a painful
transaction last year:

No, this pun is so dreadfully bad,
I think I never can, sir,
But when a man sends me
A goose and a deuced kind letter, I think I might send him an
anser.

Well, I will next year, that's all I have to say.

Lady Dufferin is whimsical on property ♪ ♪ ♪

HAMPTON COURT, *October 22^d*

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I began a little note the
other day to thank you for your kind remembrance
of me and your coming so far to see me (which opportunity
I was *very* sorry to have missed), but my note in the
agitating agonies of packing up disappeared, and I had
no strength of mind to begin another. My mother and
I have returned to this place for a few days, in order to
make an ineffectual grasp at any remaining property that
we may have in the world. Of course you have heard
that we were robbed and murdered the other night by
certain soft-spoken cook, who headed a storming party of
banditti through my mother's kitchen window; if not,
you will see the full, true, and dreadful particulars in the
papers, as we are to be "had up" at the Old Bailey on
Monday next for the trial. We have seen a great deal of

life, and learnt a great deal of the criminal law of England this week,—knowledge cheaply purchased at the cost of all my wardrobe and all my mother's plate. We have gone through two examinations in court : they were very hurrying and agitating affairs, and I had to kiss either the Bible or the magistrate—I don't recollect which, but *it* smelt of thumbs. The magistrates seemed to take less interest in my clothes than in my mother's spoons ;—I suppose from some secret *affinity* or *congeniality* which they were conscious of.

• I find that the idea of personal property is a fascinating illusion, for our goods belong in fact to our country, and not to us ; and that the petticoats and stockings which I have fondly imagined mine, are really the petticoats of Great Britain and Ireland. I am now and then indulged with a distant glimpse of my most necessary garments in the hands of different policemen ; but “ in this stage of the proceedings ” may do no more than wistfully recognise them. Even on such occasions, the words of justice are, “ Policeman B 25, produce *your* gowns ; ” “ Letter A 36, identify *your* lace ; ” “ Letter C, tie up *your* stockings.” All this is harrowing to the feelings ; but one cannot have everything in this life ; we have obtained justice and can easily wait for a change of linen. Hopes are held out to us that at some vague period in the lapse of time we may be allowed a *wear* out of our raiment—at least, so much of it as may have resisted the wear and tear of justice ; and my poor mother looks confidently forward to being restored to the bosom of her silver teapot. But I don't know ; I begin to look upon all property with a philosophic eye as unstable in its nature and liable to all sorts of pawn-brokers. Moreover, the police and I have so long had my clothes in common, that I shall never feel at home in them again. To a virtuous mind the idea that Inspector Dowsett examined into all one's hooks and eyes, tapes and buttons, etc., is inexpressibly painful. But I cannot pursue that view of the subject. Let me hope, dear Miss Berry, that you feel for us as we really deserve, and that you wish me well “ thro' my clothes,” on Monday next. . . . Yours very truly,

HELEN A. DUFFERIN

Canon Ainger sends a Christmas hamper of good stories

(To Mrs. Horace Smith)

MASTER'S HOUSE, TEMPLE, E.C.

Christmas 1898

MY DEAR FRIEND,—“As the Festive Season again recurs, I have to solicit a renewal of that friendly confidence, which it will ever be my study to deserve. I hope to be able to supply you with some fine Chestnuts for the Christmas dinner, of which samples are enclosed. “Joe Millers are cheap to-day.”—I quote from my favourite grocer. Lily—that “plant and flower of light” (Ben Johnson) sends me a very gratifying account of you all, especially of Edward, who I understand is shortly to take Holy Orders. If he would wish me to sign his “Si quis,” I shall be happy to do so—and hope he will not think I am “Si-quizzing” him. . . .

I heard a story lately of a Butler.

Party in a Country House. Maid dressing a guest's hair. *Guest*: “I hope, Parker, you are comfortable in your place.” “Oh yes, Ma'am—the society downstairs is so superior. The Butler leads the conversation. He is such a refined man—indeed, quite scientific. He has been telling us all about Evolution, and we quite understand it now. He says we are all descended from Darwin.”

By the way, did you hear of Mrs. Creighton (wife of the Bishop of London) addressing a great Mothers' Meeting at the East End of London on how to make home attractive and comfortable and so on. *Old Lady* at the conclusion to another old Lady, “Ah! it's all very well—but I should like to know what Mrs. Creighton does when old Mr. Creighton comes home drunk.”

And this by a natural association of ideas reminds me of an epigram just sent me from Bristol. At Glevendon (where William and I once sat and smoked under the Church wall) there is a very High Church clergyman named Vicars Foote, who has been lately reprimanded by his Bishop for excessive Ritual. A flippant person puts into the offending parson's mouth the following retort,

" I will not leave my benefice,
Nor change the ways I've got.
A Bishop's foot may be put down,
A *Vicar's Foot* may not ! "

I wonder if another Theological story has reached Sheffield yet—about the old Scotch lady who heard that in the Revised Version of the Lord's Prayer, the Revisers had substituted " Deliver us from the evil one " for " Deliver us from evil "—(as they *have* done, you know). The old lady replied, " Eh, Sirs—but he'll be sair uplifted ! "

I have been in Scotland this year, and in Ireland, but I think most of the good stories have been told. By the way, if you want some good *old* stories, get ——'s recently published volume of Rummy-nuisances (this is my witty way of spelling it). I have suggested (not to *him*) as a motto for the next Edition—

Under the Chestnut Tree
Who loves to lie with me ?

As we are on the subject of the clergy, have you ever heard *this* ? Scotch Minister returning to his Manse in the gloaming, becomes aware of a figure sleeping sweetly in a ditch. On further examination, he discovers one of his own Elders. After dragging him up and restoring his suspended animation, he asks, with some indignation, where his Church Officer had been. " Well, Minister, I canna weel remember whether it was a wedding or a Funeral—but *it was a gran' success* ! " It must have been the same gentleman (or one of the same pattern) who at a dinner party, after drinking champagne during the earlier courses, was heard to murmur : " I hope there's some whisky coming ! I get vera tired of these *mineral waters* ! " "

And now that you, like this gentleman, are getting "*vera tired* " of so much prose—and that, *not sparkling*—what say you to dropping into poetry like Mr. Wegg ?

" There was an old man of Bengal
Who purchased a Bat and a Ball
Some gloves, and some pads—
(It was one of his fads—
For he never played cricket at all !). "

. . . Well, I fear you and yours will have to mourn over me that years do not seem to "bring the philosophic mind," and that your poor friend is just as frivolous as he was thirty years ago. Well, well, it's Christmas time, and a few Crackers (besides *Tom Smith's*) may be allowed upon the dinner table, among the plainer and more wholesome viands. And so I trust to be forgiven, and to be thought kindly of by my dear old friends at the "Westwood Arms," for that is *still* its name to me, knowing that they are always open to receive their attached and faithful friend,

A. A.

Oliver Wendell Holmes returns thanks for a barometer

(To James T. Fields)

21 CHARLES STREET

July 6, 8.33 A.M.

Barometer at 30 $\frac{1}{8}$

MY DEAR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR,—Your most unexpected gift, which is not a mere token of remembrance but a permanently valuable present, is making me happier every moment I look at it. ✓ It is so pleasant to be thought of by our friends when they have so much to draw their thoughts from us; it is so pleasant, too, to find that they have cared enough about us to study our special tastes,—that you can see why your beautiful gift has a growing charm for me. Only Mrs. Holmes thinks it ought to be in the Parlor among the things for show, and I think it ought to be in the Study, where I can look at it at least once every hour every day of my life.

I have observed some extraordinary movements of the index of the barometer during the discussions which ensued, which you may be interested to see my notes of:—

Mrs. H. My dear, we shall of course keep this beautiful barometer in the parlor. *Fair.*

Dr. H. Why, no, my dear; the study is the place. *Dry.*

Mrs. H. I'm sure it ought to go in the parlor. It's too handsome for your old den. *Change.*

Dr. H. I shall keep it in the study. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H. I don't think that's fair. *Rain.*

Dr. H. I'm sorry. Can't help it. *Very dry.*

Mrs. H. It's—too—too—ba-a-ad. *Much rain.*

Dr. H. (Music omitted). 'Mid pleas-ures and paaal-a-a-c-es. *Set fair.*

Mrs. H. I *will* have it! You horrid—— *Stormy.*

You see what a wonderful instrument this is that you have given me. But my dear Mr. Fields, while it changes it will be a constant memorial of unchanging friendship: and while the dark hand of fate is traversing the whole range of mortal vicissitudes, the golden index of the kind affections shall stand always at SET FAIR.

A gentle lady puts a firm to the pain of selling her something ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡ ◡

GENTLEMEN,—Will you, of your kindness, pardon the liberty I take in venturing to trouble you with a small request, being a stranger to you. But my sister, Mrs. Avenell, lately residing at Bellevue, Medina Road, Brightburne, intimated to me that you would very likely be so good as not to object to my requesting a small favour from you, and I have ventured to ask in that belief. If, therefore, I am not presuming too much, might I ask the kind favour of a black velvet-spotted veil being sent to me? The pattern I venture to enclose is from a veil my sister sent me from your establishment, and it is so superior to those I obtain here, in softness and thickness of the spots, that I should much like another, as near to it as convenient. I think the one yard and a little more came t/about one and sixpence. It is the soft quality which I like, combined with the close thick spots.

I will, if you are so good as to entertain my request, send postal order previously to the receipt of the parcel.

Awaiting your kind reply, with many apologies if I have troubled you inconveniently, Believe me to be, Gentlemen, Yours respectfully,

An able-bodied seaman asks his brother to be sure to get him a creature comfort o o o o

Warren Hastings
EAST INDIANMAN, OFF GRAVESEND
March 24

DEAR BRO' TOM,—This cums hopein to find you in good helth as it leaves me safe ankord here yesterday at 4 p.m., arter a plesent vyage tolerable short and few squalls. Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old father stout. Am quite out of pigtail. Sights of pigtail at Gravesend but unfortinly not fit for a dogtochor. Dear Tom, Captains boy will bring you this and put pigtail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the black boy 7 diles where go ax for best pigtail, pound a pigtail will do. And am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts onley took 2, whereof 1 is quite wore out and tother most but don't forget the pigtail as I arnt had here a quid to chor never sins Thursday. Dear Tom as for the shirts your size will do only longer. I likes um long, got one at present, best at Tower hill and cheap, but be pertickler to go to 7 diles for the pigtail, at the black boy and dear Tom ax for a pound of best pigtail and let it be good. Captains boy will put the pigtail in his pocket, *he likes pigtail so tie it up*. Dear Tom shall be up about Monday or thereabouts. Not so pertickler for the shirts as the present can be washed, but dont forget the pigtail without fail, so am your lovein brother,

P.S.—Dont forget the pigtail.

JACK

Letter from a young gentleman to his companion recovered from a fit of sickness o o o o o

From an old Manual.

IT gives me the most sincere pleasure to hear that my dear Tommy is recovering his health so rapidly. Had you died it would have been to me a most terrible loss; but it has pleased God to preserve my friend.

I will take the first opportunity that offers to call and

tell you how valuable your life is to your sincere friend and playfellow.

Answer

YOUR obliging letter, my dear Billy, is a fresh proof of your friendship and esteem for me. I thank God. I am now perfectly recovered. I am in some doubt whether I ought not to consider my late illness as a just punishment for my crime of robbing Mr. Goodman's orchard, breaking his boughs and spoiling his hedges. However I am fully determined that evermore no such complaints shall come against your sincere friend and playfellow.

X

THE LITTLE FRIENDS

William Cowper loses his pet hare ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

(To the Rev. John Newton)

August 21, 1780

THE following occurrence ought not to be passed over in silence, in a place where so few notable ones are to be met with.

Last Wednesday night, while we were at supper, between the hours of eight and nine, I heard an unusual noise in the back parlour, as if one of the hares was entangled, and endeavouring to disengage herself. I was just going to rise from table, when it ceased. In about five minutes, a voice on the outside of the parlour door inquired if one of my hares had got away. I immediately rushed into the next room, and found that my poor favourite Puss had made her escape.

She had gnawed in sunder the strings of a lattice work, with which I thought I had sufficiently secured the window, and which I preferred to any other sort of blind, because it admitted plenty of air.

From thence I hastened to the kitchen, where I saw the redoubtable Thomas Freeman, who told me that, having seen her, just after she had dropped into the street, he attempted to cover her with his hat, but she screamed out, and leaped directly over his head. I then desired him to pursue as fast as possible, and added Richard Coleman to the chase, as being nimbler, and carrying less weight than Thomas; not expecting to see her again, but desirous to learn, if possible, what became of her. In something less than an hour, Richard returned, almost breathless, with the following account. That soon after he began to run, he left Tom behind him, and came in sight of a most numerous hunt of men, women, children,

and dogs ; that he did his best to keep back the dogs, and presently outstripped the crowd, so that the race was at last disputed between himself and Puss ;—she ran right through the town, and down the lane that leads to Drop-short ; a little before she came to the house, he got the start and turned her ; she pushed for the town again, and soon after she entered it, sought shelter in Mr. Wagstaff's tanyard, adjoining to old Mr. Drake's.

Sturges's harvest men were at supper, and saw her from the opposite side of the way.

There she encountered the tanpits full of water ; and while she was struggling out of one pit, and plunging into another, and almost drowned, one of the men drew her out by the ears, and secured her. She was then well washed in a bucket to get the lime out of her coat, and brought home in a sack at ten o'clock.

This frolic cost us four shillings, but you may believe we did not grudge a farthing of it.

The poor creature received only a little hurt in one of her claws, and in one of her ears, and is now almost as well as ever.

✓ I do not call this an answer to your letter, but such as it is I send it, presuming upon that interest which I know you take in my minutest concerns.—Yours, my dear friend,

W. C.

*Gilbert White becomes Timothy's autobiographer ◊ ◊

(To his Niece)

SELBORNE, August 31, 1784

MOST RESPECTABLE LADY,—Your letter gave me great satisfaction, being the first that I ever was honored with. It is my wish to answer you in my own way ; but I never could make a verse in my life, so you must be contented with plain prose. ✓ Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little, and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. ✓ Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short indeed.

Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in

the year 1734, in the province of Virginia, in the midst of a Savanna that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relatives with great satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who had attained great ages, without any interruptions from distempers.

Longevity is so general among our species that a funeral is quite a strange occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age.

Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate, and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bush ; and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worth a recital ; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England in the harbour of Chichester.

In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman, who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a hand-basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy from my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me ; so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers. With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society.

At last this good old lady died, in a very advanced old age, such as a tortoise would call a good old age ; and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and

packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in post-chaises to my present place of abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages—such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney-beans, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition. For you must know that my master is what they call a *naturalist*, and much visited by people of that turn, who often find him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, etc., and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting in the summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. These matters displease me; but there is another that much hurts my pride—I mean that contempt shown for my understanding which these *Lords of the Creation* are very apt to discover, thinking that nobody knows anything but themselves. I heard my master say that he expected that I should some day tumble down the ha-ha; whereas I would have him to know that I can discern a precipice from plain ground as well as himself. Sometimes my master repeats with much seeming triumph the following lines, which occasion a loud laugh—

“Timotheus, placed on high
Amidst the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre.”

For my part I see no wit in the application, nor know whence these verses are quoted, perhaps from some prophet of his own, who, if he penned them for the sake of ridiculing tortoises, bestowed his pains, I think, to poor purposes. These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind.

Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my greatest misfortune, and what I have never divulged to anyone before, is the want of society of my own kind.

This reflection is always uppermost in my own mind, but comes upon me with irresistible force every spring. It was in the month of May last, that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement, for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadows, both of which I could discern from the terrass. One sunny morning, therefore, I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of Thomas Hoar, and escaped into the St. foin, which began to be in bloom, and thence into the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadows at times. But my pains were all to no purpose; I could find no society such as I wished and sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth into sight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility. Let me, therefore, make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings.

✓ Suppose you were to be kidnapped away *to-morrow*, in the bloom of your life, to the land of Tortoises, and were never to see again for fifty years a human face!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful Reptile,

TIMOTHY

Charles Dickens tells Captain Basil Hall of the death of
his raven ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

March 16, 1841

MY raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman, one Herring (a

bird fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor oil and a teacupful of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be able to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air, and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, "Halloa, old girl!" and immediately died. He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since, and he stole a clasp knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons, I directed a post-mortem examination preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, observing that "the jolliest queer start had taken place with that 'ere knowing card of a bird, as ever he see'd,"—but the shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts, is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

Charles Lamb and his dog o o o o o

MRS. LEISHMAN'S, CHACE, ENFIELD,
September 1827

DEAR PATMORE,—Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing.) Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*?¹ Are his

¹ With uncovered mouth.

intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he won't lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time—but that was in *Hyder-Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was safe. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than he! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. "My, how he capers!" [*In the margin is written: One of the children speaks this.*]

[*Three lines here are erased.*] What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—"Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice:—" which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast, that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him, and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not,

as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor ; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady.

Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. Patmore's regimen. I send my love in — to Dash.

C. LAMB

XI

FICTION

Dr. Grimstone dictates



"DON'T begin to write yet, any of you," said the Doctor; "I have a few words to say to you first. In most cases, and as a general rule, I think it wisest to let every boy commit to paper whatever his feelings may dictate to him. I wish to claim no censorship over the style and diction of your letters. But there have been so many complaints lately from the parents of some of the less advanced of you, that I find myself obliged to make a change. Your father particularly, Richard Bultitude," he added, turning suddenly upon the unlucky Paul, "has complained bitterly of the slovenly tone and phrasing of your correspondence; he said very justly that they would disgrace a stable-boy, and unless I could induce you to improve them, he begged he might not be annoyed by them in future.

"However," he went on, "I wish your people at home to be assured from time to time of your welfare, and to prevent them from being shocked and distressed in future by the crudity of your communications, I have drawn up a short form of letter for the use of the lower boys in the second form—which I shall now proceed to dictate. Of course all boys in the first form, and all in the second above Bultitude and Jolland, will write as they please, as usual. Richard, I expect you to take particular pains to write this out neatly. Are you all ready? Very well, then . . . now"; and he read out the following letter, slowly—

"My dear Parents (or parent according to circumstances), comma" (all of which several took down most industriously)—"You will be rejoiced to hear that, having arrived with safety at our destination, we have by this time fully resumed our customary regular round of earnest work relieved and sweetened by hearty play." ("Have

you all got 'hearty play' down?" inquired the Doctor rather suspiciously, while Jolland observed in an undertone that it would take some time to get *that* down.) "I hope, I trust I may say without undue conceit, to have made considerable progress in my school-tasks before I rejoin the family circle for the Easter vacation, as I think you will admit when I inform you of the programme we intend" ("D.V. in brackets and capital letters"—as before, this was taken down verbatim by Jolland, who probably knew very much better), "intend to work out during the term."

"In Latin, the class of which I am a member propose to thoroughly master the first book of Virgil's magnificent Epic, need I say I refer to the soul-moving story of the Pious Æneas?" (Jolland was understood by his near neighbours to remark that he thought the explanation distinctly advisable), "whilst, in Greek, we have already commenced the thrilling account of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, that master of strategy! nor shall we, of course, neglect in either branch of study the syntax and construction of those two noble languages"—("noble languages!" echoed the writers mechanically, contriving to insinuate a touch of irony into the words).

"In German, under the able tutelage of Herr Stohwasser, who, as I may possibly have mentioned to you in casual conversation, is a graduate of the University of Heidelberg" ("and a silly old hass," added Jolland, parenthetically), "we have resigned ourselves to the spell of the Teutonian Shakespeare" (there was much difference of opinion as to the manner of spelling the "Teutonian Shakespeare") "as, in my opinion, Schiller may be not inaptly termed, and our French studies comprise such exercises, and short poems and tales, as are best calculated to afford an insight into the intricacies of the Gallic tongue."

"But I would not have you imagine, my dear parents (or parent, as before), that, because the claims of the intellect have been thus amply provided for, the requirements of the body are necessarily overlooked!

"I have no intention of becoming a mere bookworm, and, on the contrary, we have had one excessively brisk

and pleasant game at football already this season, and should, but for the unfortunate inclemency of the weather, have engaged again this afternoon in the mimic warfare.

"In the playground our favourite diversion is the game of 'chevy,' so called from that engagement famed in ballad and history (I allude to the battle of Chevy Chase), and indeed, my dear parents, in the rapid alternations of its fortunes and the diversity of its incident, the game (to my mind) bears a striking resemblance to the accounts of that ever-memorable contest.

"I fear I must now relinquish my pen, as the time allotted for correspondence is fast waning to its close, and tea-time is approaching. Pray give my kindest remembrances to all my numerous friends and relatives, and accept my fondest love and affection for yourselves and the various other members of the family circle.

"I am, I am rejoiced to say, in the enjoyment of excellent health, and surrounded as I am by congenial companions, and employed in interesting and agreeable pursuits, it is superfluous to add that I am happy.

"And now, my dear parents, believe me, your dutiful and affectionate son, so and so."

The Doctor finished his dictation with a roll in his voice, as much as to say, "I think that will strike your respective parents as a chaste and classical composition! I think so!"

From *Vice Versa* by F. ANSTEE.

Fanny Squeers describes Nicholas Nickleby's outrage

DOTHEBOYS HALL, *Thursday Morning*

SIR,—My pa requests me to write to you. The doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuvver the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

We are in a state of mind beyond everything, and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steeped in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. You will judge from this that he has been brought very low.

When your newew that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollew't my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull. We have a medical certifiket that if it had, the tortershell would have affected the brain.

Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we received some injury in our insides, especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother, which takes off my attention rather, and I hope will excuse mistakes.

The monster having sasiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate character that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belonging to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage-coach. My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and that you will let the thief and assassin go, as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long, which will save us trouble, and be much more satisfactory.—Hoping to hear from you when convenient, I remain, yours and cetrer,

FANNY SQUEERS

P.S.—I pity his ignorance and despise him.

From *Nicholas Nickleby* by

CHARLES DICKENS

Little George Osborne gives his mother the news of the great fight at Dr. Swishtail's o o o o

SUGARCANE HOUSE, RICHMOND, *March 18—*

DEAR MAMA,—I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff &

Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked.* So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a grocer—Figs and Rudge, Thames St., City—I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea and Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black eyes. He has a white pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my papa would let me have a pony, and I am, your dutiful Son,

GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE

P.S.—Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a Coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake.

From *Vanity Fair* by W. M. THACKERAY

LACONICS

Jack Skifton to Charles II

JACK SKIFTON

CHARLES REX

ANN DORSET, PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY



To Admiral Byng

G. WALTON

10

40, and 24 guns ; a ship laden with arms, and a bomb vessel. Burnt.—Four men of war, of 54, 40, and 30 guns ; a fire ship, and a bomb vessel.

" *Canterbury*," off Syracuse, August 16, 1718

William Cowper acknowledges a gift of cloth,  

To Lady Hesketh

I THANK you for the snip of cloth, commonly called a pattern. At present I have two coats and but one back. If at any time hereafter I should find myself possessed of fewer coats and more backs, it will be of use to me.

The loans that failed      

I

Mrs. Foote to her son the actor

DEAR SON,—I am in prison for debt ; come and assist your loving mother. E. FOOTE

The Reply

DEAR MOTHER,—So am I ; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother,—Your affectionate son, SAMUEL FOOTE

P.S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you meantime let us hope for better days.

II

Beau Brummell to Scrope Davies

MY DEAR SCROPE,—Lend me two hundred pounds. The banks are shut and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.—
Yours, GEORGE BRUMMELL

